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THE
L I F E
OF *Gal B. Id*
EDWARD II.

With the FATES of
GAVESTONE
AND THE
SPENCERS.
A
P O E M
IN

Three CANTO's.

To which (for the better Understanding of the whole) is prefix'd an Account of that Prince's Reign from Dr. Echard and Others.

Done from a Manuscript.

Heu Pietas

Heu Prisca Fides.

LONDON:
Printed for THO. HARBIN, at the Bible
and Anchor in the New Exchange in the
Strand. 1721. Price 1 s. 6 d.

Edmund

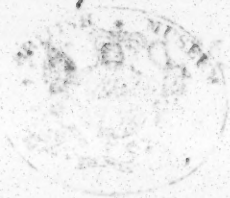
EDWARD II

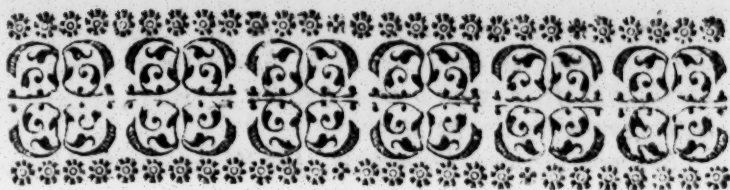
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THE PREFACE.

THE Three following Canto's falling accidentally into the Hands of the Publisher, and he finding that the Subject would be both *Instructing and Delightful* to the Publick, he thought himself oblig'd to gratify the Curious with this Edition from an Old Manuscript, which, (as far as may be judg'd by the Character) seems to have been wrote about a Hundred Years ago; And tho' no small Labour has been us'd to find out the Author, and the Edition mention'd a little lower, yet no Success has attended the latter, but as to the former a probable Supposition may be made, for, Doctor Nicholson in his *English Historical Library* Page 79 and 80. mentions King Edward the Second's Life being wrote by the Lord Viscount Faulkland, with many Political Observations on him and his Unhappy Favourite Gavestone and the Spencers, he continues, "There was also an Historical Poem written about the same time, on the same Subject, whose Author was Richard Hobert, a Younger Brother to Sir Henry, who himself made some Additional Observations, that are of Good Use and Ornament to it."

And in the first Volume of the *Athen. Oxon.* Page 501. We find there was such a Poem published by Mr. Hobert about the Year 1629, after his own Copy, in the same manner as is above mention'd.

Thus far we have helps to put us in a Way at least to suppose that this Gentleman was the Author, Dr. Nicholson indeed says in the above mention'd place, that it was published in 1629, in *Octavo*, but that Edition is so

THE PREFACE.

Scarce, if at all in being, unless in the Cabinets of the Curious, that no Light could be had from it, and the Manuscript from which this Edition is made, mentions nothing relating to the Author.

But whoever was the Author, the Work bespeaks him to have been a Gentleman of good Sense and Learning, the Philosopher appears thro' the whole both in his Morals and his Similies from Nature. The Subject he has chosen gives him a large Field to work upon; Seditions, Rebellions, Unsuccessful Wars, a Debauched Court, a Weak Prince, and in short, all the Changes that could happen in an Unfortunate Reign, are his Materials, which he has handled with a great deal of Judgment. His Language, it must be confess'd, is a little Obsolete, but Significant, if he descends very often to the meanness of a Pun, that must be excus'd, since every Body knows that it was the Wit of the Age, which infected even Milton himself. On the other Hand his Stile is very grave, free, and easy, without Passion or Interest, and when he seems to Blame the Conduct of the Great, it is with a becoming Modesty and Reservedness, and only gives general Reflections without any private View or pointed Satire. Thro' the whole, he appears to have been well acquainted with Ancient and Modern History, and particularly with our own Constitution, to have been an able Statesman, a refined Politician, and a great Scholar. He sometimes takes a little Liberty with the Clergy, but with such Cautions, that he seems rather to have had a design of Reforming, than Abusing or Disobliging them; and when he speaks of them Satirically, it is when Popery was the Establish'd Religion here in England; and his Freedom lets us plainly see, he was under no Apprehensions from that Party or the Inquisition; for in the whole he Breaths nothing but Liberty and Property, and a profound Veneration for Majesty, and the Person of the then Reigning Prince King Charles the First.

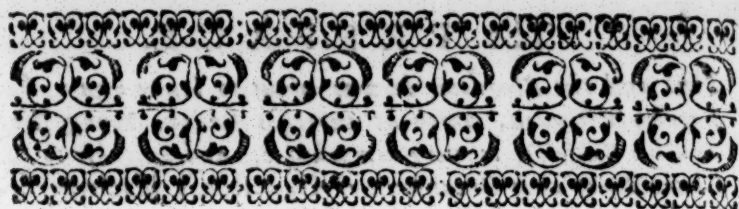
His Characters are, 'tis true in Miniature, but very bold, and he has taken a great deal of Pains to keep them up thro' the whole, with all the Exactness that the Nature of the Work would admit of. Edward the First's Speech on his Death-Bed is wrought up to a very great Height of Tendernefs, both for the future Welfare of his Son,

The P R E F A C E.

Son, and the Kingdom he was about to leave him : that Fartherly Regard, which he expresses for the Young King and his Subjects, is very remarkable, and Suitable to the Character of that Great Prince. Gaveston's Machiavillian Speech at the end of the first Canto is the true Picture of one, who actuated by Revenge and Ambition, durst speak Treason to his Prince under Colour of good Council; which at once gives us a Just Idea of the Weakness of the King, and of the Villany and desire of Revenge in his Minister.

There indeed seems to be a good deal of Levity in his Description of the Familiarity between the Queen and Mortimer ; and this is the only Place our Author recedes from his usual Gravity, but considering the Subject, it must have been either wholly omitted, or express'd as it is ; Yet it does not want it's own Beauties. for in it we have a lively Representation of the Weakness of the Queen, and Mortimer's Polite Ambition and Cunning, and in short, is the Ground Plot of the ensuing Tragedy. But when we come near to the Close of the Story, there is a great Variety wrought up with all the Passion and Tenderness that such a Subject was capable of, there is a fine Scene opens it self upon the King's Flight from London to the West with his three Ministers, his lying conceal'd in Wales, and the Speeches they make are Excellent and Admirably Suitable to the Condition they were then in, the Inhuman Treatment he afterwards met with till he was Murder'd is very well describ'd, and seems to have been design'd to Command even the Pity of his greatest Enemies.

In a word, 'tis hop'd that the World will agree that it is a finish'd Piece in its kind, that the Rules of Life are laid down so plain, that Persons of all Ranks may find Examples and Instructions for their Conduct in their several Stations, and that it is a true Representation of the innumerable Misfortunes which attend a Throne that is supported by the unbounded Avarice and Ambition of the Mercenar, Great.



THE
L I F E
O F
E D W A R D II.

E *Dward* the First was a Prince of a Generous Spirit, Born and Bred to Great Actions, had Wit and an Understanding every way equal to his Valour and Bravery, an Uncommon Ability of Judgment was seen in all his Actions, and he had a peculiar readiness to hear the Judgment of others. He was a happy Observer of Opportunity, Wary and Provident in his Designs, and Vigilant and Vigorous in the Execution of them; Severe in Points of Justice, and not easily appeas'd when thoroughly provok'd. He was every way an Excellent and Accomplish'd Prince; But his Ambition and Thirst after Glory was more for the Grandeur than the Repose of *England*.

His Son our *Edward* the 3^d Succeeded him, with the Universal Applause and Love of his Subjects, tho' it was his Misfortune to lose both very soon, after his Accession to the Crown: His Uncontroulable and Headstrong Temper appear'd in his very first Actions in recalling his beloved but Vicious Favourite *Garvestone* from Exile, contrary to all Advice and the

the last Precepts of his dying Father, who wisely perceiving what influence that loose Person had over him, commanded him to depart the Kingdom, and oblig'd him by a Solemn Oath not to return without his Licence. And at the same time the Prince swore that he would not Receive, Retain, or Permit the said *Garvestone* to be near him without his Pleasure: But by a Fatal disregard to his Oath, Good Advice, and his Father's dying Words, he recall'd him even before his Funeral Solemnities were perform'd, and rais'd him not only to the greatest Honours in the Kingdom, but made him the Disposer and Dispencer of all Preferments and Favours about Court. This Fatal Step was succeeded by one no less unjust, by Imprisoning the Bishop of *Chester* (who had formerly reprov'd him for some lew'd Extravagancies, and complain'd of *Garvestone* as the Promoter of them) and rewarding his too Troublesome Virtue with the Seizure of all his Goods and Temporalities, to which he was not restor'd till the Papal Authority Interpos'd.

The *English* Nobility perceiving that *Garvestone* had more of the King's Favour than they thought fit to share with a Foreigner, were so far exasperated that they threaten'd to hinder his Coronation if he was not remov'd from the Court and Kingdom. The King to avoid so great a Dishonour promis'd upon his Faith to yield to what they desir'd in the next Parliament. But upon the Solemnity *Garvestone* was appointed to carry *St. Edward's* Crown before the King, an Honour which only belong'd to those of the Blood Royal. *Garvestone* having got the Entire Possession of the Heart of his Weak Master, drew him from all Thoughts of Noble Enterprizes, either in accomplishing his Father's Will as a Son, or discharging his particular Duty as a King. The Court was fill'd with nothing but Buffoons, Parasites, and such other of *Garvestone's* Instruments as he thought would be most proper to divert the King from any thoughts of governing himself, or his Subjects, while he himself wasted the Revenues of the Crown, and converted them to his own private Uses; Nay he

he had so great an Ascendant over the King, that his Favours to others always turn'd to his Advantage; and he wore the very Jewel of the Crown which the King very imprudently declar'd, should descend to him, were his Power Equal to his Affection.

The Nobility inrag'd in the last degree to see those Extravagant Favours conferr'd upon *Garveston* press'd the King to Banish him the Kingdom, for he presum'd so much upon the King's Interest and his Favours to him, that he despis'd the Nobility as much as they hated him; till at last the King with much Reluctancy sent him to *Ireland*, not as an Exile but as his Lieutenant; But he continued not long in that Country, for to the King's great Satisfaction he came to *Wallingford* to a Tournament he had procur'd to be Proclaimed, Attended with so many Men out of Foreign Parts that he insulted over the Nobility, the Chief of whom were the Earls of *Laucafter*, *Hereford*, *Warwick*, *Pembroke*, and *Warren*, to whom this Proud Favourite gave Ridiculous and Opprobrious Names.

Garveston's Insolent Extravagancies and the King's Exorbitant Favours to him, gave the Nobility an Advantage to represent to him the great Diminution of the Crown Revenues, and by their Assiduity obtain'd a Commission enabling them to appoint a Select Number among themselves, that should have Power to make Ordinances for the better Government of the King's Household and Kingdom, which they did, and had them confirm'd by a particular Instrument from the King.

By the Twentieth Article of those Ordinances *Garveston* was proscrib'd and Oblig'd to quit the Kingdom, the Nobility plainly telling the King that unless *Garveston* was Banished they would treat him as a perjur'd Prince; the King yields, and the Lords procure this Clause to be added to his Proscription, that if hereafter he should again be found in *England*, he should be put to Death as an Enemy to the Kingdom.

Garveston, after sculking a while in *Flanders*, knowing no safe Retreat, takes a Resolution to fly back to his

his Master's Arms, the only Sanctuary he had left ; The King receiving him with infinite Fondness and his Usual excess of inconsiderate Joy, declar'd, that he had been Banished contrary to the Laws of the Kingdom, which he was bound to maintain by his Coronation Oath.

The Lords to this Expression of the King's Tenderness did not neglect the Occasion to declare, that the Laws of the Kingdom, together with the late made Ordinances were not observed nor regarded. Matters tending towards a Rupture, several Methods were propos'd for making those Differences up in an Amicable manner, but *Gaveston's* Insolencies and Extravagancies still increasing, prevented all Accommodation.

The Nobility chusing the Earl of *Lancaster* for their General took up Arms, and by Common Consent sent to the King then at *York*, begging him, either to deliver *Gaveston* to them, or oblige him to quit the Kingdom, according to the late Ordinances. The King drown'd in Pleasure, which seem'd only to proceed from his enjoying his beloved *Gaveston* again, took no Notice of their Petition ; but left *York*, and repair'd to *Newcastle*, the Lords with their united Forces March after him, declaring that they intend'd no Injury to their Sovereign, but only that they might have *Gaveston*, and Judge him according to the Ordinances they had made by Common Consent ; upon their Approach the King removes to *Tinmouth*, where he left his Queen big with Child, and went with his beloved Favourite in a Small Vessel to *Scarborough Castle*, commanding the Garrison to protect him while he repair'd into *Warwick shire*. The Lords invested the Garrison and so straitned it, that *Gaveston* having no prospect of Safety but the Hopes of once more getting into the King's Presence, Surrender'd himself upon that Condition, and standing the Judgment of the Barons, to the Earl of *Pembroke*. The King having Notice of this, earnestly desired he might speak with him, and even begg'd that his Life might be sav'd, promising upon that Condition to satisfy the Desires of the Nobility in
all

all Things. The Earl of *Pembroke* perswaded them to grant the King's Desires, promising upon the highest Penalties to see the Conditions perform'd; but *Garveston's* bad Fate prevented it, for the Earl of *Warwick* came with a great Force and by Night carried him to his Castle at *Warwick*, where after Consultation it was advis'd that it would be very Weak in them to hazard the losing of him after so much Expence and Trouble, and that it was much better he should dye, than a War should be raised in the Kingdom.

Upon this Advice they carryed him out of Prison to a Place called *Blacklow* near *Warwick* and there Beheaded this Favourite, notwithstanding the King's earnest Solicitations to prevent the fatal Blow. Thus fell *Pierse Garveston* a Native of *Gascoigne*, who for the great Services his Father had done to the Crown was bred up by King *Edward* the First, with his Son this Prince; he was a handsome Man, of undaunted Courage, Brave and Hardy in Military Affairs, very Eloquent, and, as our Author says, had a Syren's Tongue: he seems to have been a bad Courtier, for he could not stoop to those he loved, nor disguise his Natural Temper to fawn upon his Enemies, but presuming too much upon the Prince's Favours and his own Fortune, he grew intolerably Proud, which in the end Occasion'd his Ruin.

The Lords, sensible of their own Strength and the King's Weakness, proudly demanded of the King that their Ordinances might be confirmed and put in Execution, threatening to constrain him by Force if not speedily perform'd; But by the Management of the Pope's Nuncio, the Bishops, and the Earl of *Gloucester*, Articles were Agreed upon, for the present; But the King still harbouring his Resentment for the loss of his dear Companion, charg'd those presumptuous Lords with the Inhuman Murder of his Friend, to which they boldly reply'd, that they deserved his Royal Favour in prosecuting the public Enemy of the Nation, who had been justly Banished by two several Kings. Nevertheless, it

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event Civil discords the Lords in open Court at Westminster humbled themselves before the King, supplicating his Favour, which shewed that they had more Inclination to Obedience than Rebellion, and wanted but the prudent Justice of a Prince to heal those Wounds that Fears, Jealousies, and Discontent, had made.

The King's Misfortunes began after this to fall very heavy upon him. For the Scots under the Conduct of their King the Valiant Robert de Bruce, not only recovered all his own Dominions out of the Hands of the English and their Faction in Scotland, but enters the Borders of England with Fire and Sword, and lays waste Northumberland. The King roused as it were out of a Lethargy, takes Arms and Marches into Scotland with an Army, some say, consisting of between Two and Three Hundred Thousand Men. The Undaunted King of Scots with only Thirty Thousand Men met and engag'd this Terrible Army at the Famous Bannock burn, and having the Advantage of the Ground, gave England the greatest Overthrow that ever it sustain'd from that Nation.

The King fled, narrowly escaping with his Life, leaving many Noblemen of the highest Rank, Seven Hundred Knights and Bannerets, great Numbers of Gentlemen, and many Thousands of his Common Soldiers Dead upon the Spot, besides the Prisoners who were taken, and the great Riches and Booty that was lost. Thus this Unfortunate Prince in one Day had those Laurels snatch'd from him which had cost his Father so much Blood and several Years Toil in gathering. All his Attempts against the Scots after this proving unsuccessful, instead of repairing his Dishonour by Arms, he consents to a Peace with the King of Scots upon his own Terms. This Terrible Disaster was succeeded by Inundations, Famine, and a Pestilence which rag'd in such a manner, that the Living among the Meaner Sort scarce suffic'd to bury the Dead. But neither his Dishonours from the Scots, nor the Miseries and calamities of his own Country, could divert him from

from Publickly Solemnizing the Funeral of his beloved *Garvestone*, whose Corpse he removed from *Oxford* to *King's Langley* in *Hertfordshire* with great Splendor, where in Person, with the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, Four Bishops, a great many Abbots and other Ecclesiasticks, he Honoured his Obsequies.

The Truce with the *Scots* gave no Quiet to the Kingdom, as was expected, but was succeeded with greater Troubles and Confusion; for the King, upon the Recommendation of the Lords themselves, had made *Hugh de Spencer* Lord Chamberlain, a Man of Equal Insolence, Vices, and Ambition, with his Predecessor *Garvestone*; with those Qualifications he so far insinuated himself with the infatuated King, that he succeeded to all the others Favour and Authority, and the Hatred and Envy of the Nobility. His Father *Hugh* was created Earl of *Winchester*, and also employed the better to support his Son; to effect the Ruin of those two, the Earl of *Lancaster* and most of the Nobility levied an Army of Ten or Eleven Thousand Men, and entered in a Hostile manner on the large Estates of the *Spencers* and laid them waste, carrying off Cattel and Corn to the Value of 68000 Pounds, and not satisfied with this, by the Terror of their Arms procur'd the Two Favourites to be banish'd.

The Lords being returned Home, the King having granted them all their Demands, the Ediſt for Banishing the *Spencers* was revoked as erroneous and Illegal, and the Revocation decreed by the Archbishop of *Canterbury* and his Suffragans. And the King to revenge himself on the Nobility, raises an Army, resolving to crush them and assert the Regal Power, or die in the Cause.

The Lords dreading the King's Power, a great many of them deserted and surrender'd themselves to the King; and others, particularly the two *Mortimers*, were apprehended and imprisoned. The Faction weakened by this Defection retreats to the North to join the *Scots*, but were stopped at *Borough Bridge* by Forces brought from *York* and *Carlisle* where

where the Earl of *Hereford* was kill'd, and their Leader the Earl of *Lancaster*, with many Barons, Bannerets and Knights, to the Number of Ninety Five, unable to sustain the shock of the Battle, or Fly, were taken Prisoners.

The King having these Mighty Enemies in his Power, the *Spencers*, on whose Accounts the War had been begun, full of Revenge, and that they might Rule without Controul, urge their Execution. The King with the two *Spencers* and others gave Judgment upon the Earl of *Lancaster*, who was Beheaded the same Day before his own Castle, and Fifteen others who were Executed in most of the Cities of *England* to Strike the greater Terror thro' the whole Nation, which was the first Noble Blood, that was shed on Scaffolds since *William* the Conquerour, which being chiefly occasioned by the Power of the two *Spencers*, and without any regular Process, it afterwards procured a dismal Revenge.

For the King by this Execution having made himself Terrible to the *English*, and as he thought formidable to the *Scots*, Marches into *Scotland* with a great Army, but with small Provisions, which the King of *Scots* having Intelligence of, kept close within his Intrenchments, and cutting off the King of *England's* Communication, left him to overcome himself, which Stratagem had its desired Effect, for the Famine encreasing, he was forced to retire into his own Dominions with the *Scots* upon his Rear, without the Honour of Striking a Blow, and with a great deal of difficulty made his Personal Retreat good, with a few followers, tho' the *Scots* took all his Treasure and Furniture, and laid all waste before them with Fire and Sword to the Walls of *Nrk*, and returned Home laden with Spoils and Booty; which was all the Success this Unfortunate King had in his Third Expedition into *Scotland*.

A Truce being concluded with the King of *Scots* for a few Years. The last Scene of the King's Tragical Misfortunes began now to open. For the *Spencers* not only Sold the King's Pardons to such as were concern'd in the Barons Contest, but even his Favours and place

of Honour and Trust at excessive Rates, to the impoverishing of many of the Nobility and not content with this they retrench'd the Queens Attendance and Expences, which made her complain that the Heir of *France* was marry'd to a Miser, and tho' a Queen, she was no better than a Waiting Woman, living upon a Pension from the *Spencers*, which so enrag'd her that she studied nothing but a revenge, which she soon had an Opportunity of bringing about, fatal to the King and his Favourites, which she effected thus.

The King's Territories in *France* being in Danger to be seiz'd upon, being adjudg'd to be forfeited for want of the Usual Homage, which with the Queen's late Complaint to her Brother of the Exorbitant Power of the *Spencers* laid the first foundation of their Common ruin. For the *French* King having seized upon many places of Importance, Matters were brought to that Hight that the King was resolv'd to go over in Person, to accommodate them. But the *Spencers* having created themselves many Mortal and Inveterate Enemies, particularly the Bishops of *Hereford* and *Lincoln*, who had been remov'd from their Temporalities for supporting the *Mortimers* in the late Quarrel with the Barons, dreaded nothing more than a Separation from the King's Person, looking upon his Presence, as the only safeguard they had for supporting their Power and Authority, Perswaded him against the Advice of every body else to send the Queen over to Negotiate his Affairs with her Brother the *French* King. The last being agreed upon, the Queen was sent away with an Indifferent Train, and manag'd Matters so seemingly well, that all differences were compos'd upon Condition, that the Young Prince should have the Dukedome of *Gascony* and *Poitou*, for which the *French* King was willing to accept of his Homage. The Young Prince was accordingly sent over to his Mother, to the utter Ruin of his Father and his Favourites; For the Heir to the Crown of *England* being among the Contrary Faction, the Queen managed matters so well with him that under colour of destroying the *Spencers*, laid a Foundation to build her Revenge upon the King by

By the Bishop of *Exeter*, who secretly withdrew into *England*; being informed of the whole Conspiracy; and that he had Observ'd too much Familiarity between the Queen and *Mortimer* who had lately escaped out of the Tower of *London*, sends several Messages to them to return to *England*. But Things not being yet ripe for Execution, the Queen deferred her coming home upon one Pretence or other, and detain'd her Son likewise.

The Unfortunate King seeing his Error by the greatness of his Dangers, earnestly solicited the *French* King to send them home, but not succeeding, he imprudently declared them both Traitors, with their Adherents.

It was suppos'd, and believed by the Queen and her Party that there were Design's laid to take away her Life and that of the Young Prince; Which the Queen Understanding, retir'd into *Hainault*, where having contracted her Son to one of the Earl's Daughters, rais'd Men with the Money to assist her in her Expedition into *England*, seeing no hopes of a Reconciliation with the King but what could be procured by the Sword.

Being furnished with Men and Vessels she landed at *Harwich* with the Earl of *Kent* the King's Brother, *Mortimer*, and several others who had fled from *England*, and 2750 Men well Arm'd, where she was join'd by the Earl *Marshall*, the Earl of *Leicester*, a great many Barons and Knights, and almost all the Prelates, particularly the Bishops of *Lincoln* *Heresford*, and *Ely*; having now made up a considerable Force they set forwards prepared to meet their Opposers.

The King committed an Error worse than any of his Former by leaving *London*, and retiring himself with his inseparable Favourites the *Spencers* into the *West* to raise an Army against the Queen, whose Forces being now very much encreased, she pursu'd her flying Husband and King, first to *Oxford* and from thence to *Gloucester* and *Bristol*, where she took the Old *Spencer* whom the King had left Governour, and executed him with all the Rigour that Revenge and Conquest could invent.

The flying King wherever he went he found no Subjects, but led by as uncertain Councils as his Life had been Govern'd, he knew not whether to fly, but only Fled: at last he designs for the Isle of *Lundy* or *Ireland*, but being put back by bad Weather was forc'd to conceal himself in *Wales*. But his Retirement being soon discover'd by the Revengeful Earl of *Lancaster's* Brother, by the Force of Money and Arms they got him into their Possession, with the Young *Spencer*, Chancelor *Baldock*, and *Simon de Reding*, as if this Unfortunate Prince should always appear inseparable from the Cause of his Ruin.

The King was remov'd from several Places to *Kenelworth* in *Warwick-shire*, the Young *Spencer* grac'd the Queen's Triumph, being expos'd to all the Contempt and Scorn that was possible, and at last to ease him of all his Pains, was put to Death with all the Torments that Malice could invent, being executed on a Gallows fifty Foot high, his Head set up at *London*, and his Quarters in other Places of the Kingdom; and *Simon de Reding* was Hang'd Ten Foot lower on the same Gibbet, and *Baldock* put into *Newgate*, where he was starv'd to Death.

A Parliament being summon'd and several Articles being Exhibited against the King, it was adjudg'd and declar'd that he was unfit to Govern the Kingdom any longer, and agreed to depose him for Male Administration, and Elect his Eldest Son *Edward* to succeed him, which was proclaim'd at *Westminster* with the Universal Consent of the Clergy and People then present, and the Arch Bishop of *Canterbury* Preach'd upon this Occasion on the since famous Text of *Vox Populi Vox Dei*.

The Queen seem'd to receive the News of this heavy Sentence with a great deal of Sorrow, but since she had been the chief Actress, she could not perswade others to believe that her Tears and Lamentations were real, and the Young Prince whether urg'd by his own Generous Temper or otherwise mov'd by that pretended Grief, swore that he would

would not accept of the Crown without his Father's consent.

Upon which Commissioners were dispatch'd to *Kenelworth Castle* to perswade him to resign, and even to threaten him in Case of Refusal, he receiv'd the Sentence with an unexpressible Sorrow, and with an uncommon Meanness of Spirit, added, that he heartily repented of what he had done ; and was Sorry that he had so much displeased his People, that they had utterly rejected him ; but thank'd them for Electing his Son. The Ceremony of his Resignation was soon perform'd, which consisted in the Surrender of his Diadem and Ensigns of Royalty for the Use of his Son, a New Form was made, having no precedent in *England* of One, and pronounc'd by Judge *Trussel*.

During the time that the Young King undertook an Expedition into *Scotland* with no Success, the Deposed King remained a Prisoner at *Kenelworth* with the sorry Allowance of 100 Marks a Month, but depriv'd of all other Human Comforts, lamenting with many Sighs the Absence of the Queen whom he still Lov'd. *Mortimer* by whom she was rul'd perswaded her that he designed to Murder her. But the Nation in general, and even his keeper *Lancaster* beginning to pity his Misfortunes, *Mortimer* alarm'd, for his own Safety, upon this delivers him to two New Keepers, *Gournay* and *Maltravers*, Persons of a Rough and incompassionate Temper, with Orders to remove him from thence into any Castle or Fortrefs in the Kingdom, which they did, hurrying him about in disguise in the Night from one place to another, allowing him neither sleep nor any other Necessaries of Life, as first to *Corse* in *Dorsetshire*, then to *Bristol Castle*, and at Length to *Berkeley Castle*, and all to disappoint his Friends and prevent their Assistance. In his removal to *Berkeley Castle* they us'd the most unheard of Indignities to him, and the more to disguise him they shav'd his Head and Beard, which was done in the Open Fields by the Command of *Gournay*, who forc'd the Miserable King to sit on a Mole-hill while the Barber shav'd him with Cold Water

Water out of a Ditch, which he told him must serve for that time, to which he mournfully reply'd, that they should not hinder him of Warm Water at his Shaving, letting fall a Shower of Tears that overflow'd his Face and Beard.

Other vile Affronts and Indignities this Savage Goaler put upon his Sovereign, and to shew that there is but one step between the Graves and the Prisons of Princes, they send to Court for Instructions to Murder him, which they had Attempted several times without Success. Which as 'tis said they received from the Subtle *Adam de Torleton* Bishop of *Hersford*, in this Dark Ambiguous Line, *Edwardum Occidere Nolite timere bonum est*, and immediately Murdered him in a Barbarous manner by pressing his Head with Bolsters, and thrusting a hot Iron through a Hallow Pipe into his Body and Bowells to prevent the Discovery that might be made by what Death he dyed, but his loud Groans and Cryes sufficiently declared the Violence of it.

Thus Dyed *Edward* the 1st whose Sovereignty and Power dropt from him without those Violent Struggles which usually attend such Revolutions, and he is the first Instance in our History of a King's falling with so little Honour and Fidelity, and who found neither a Tongue nor a Sword to Assert his Right, *England* had suffered great Miseries thro' the Ambition of some of her former Vigorous Kings, but this Prince's Weakness was the only Occasion of the present Calamities. He was so passive that he seemed not only to be govern'd, but even actuated by his Favourites who commanded him and his Kingdom as they pleas'd, and only made use of his Name to countenance their Villanies. His meanly subjecting himself to the Power and Directions of Others was his Ruin, his too much Easiness, Complacency and Submission, or rather Subjection, hasten'd his Fate, in short his Weakness more than his Wickedness occasioned his Downfall, and it may be said that his Sufferings over-balance'd and in some manner Expiated his former Miscarriages. He was given too much

much to Drink, and tho' his Enemys blasted his Memory with a Criminal Familiarity with *Garvestone*, yet it cannot without Horror be thought that an English Prince could be guilty of a Crime of so Black a Nature, who was always remarkable for his Contenance.



The

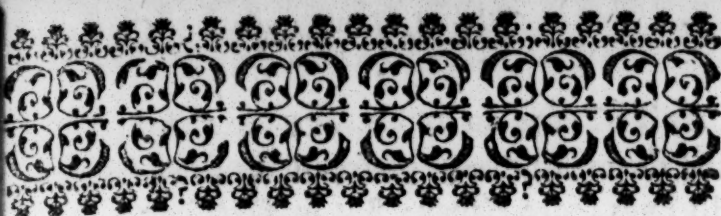
The ARGUMENT

OF THE

FIRST CANTO.

The Introduction and Plan of the Work. The Prince debauched by Gavestone. How young Princes ought to be train'd. Gavestone's Person and Abilities described; his Counsel to follow Youthful Pleasures has its desired Effect. is banish'd the Court. Edward the First's Speech on his Death Bed. His Son removes his Father's Councillors and recalls Gavestone. A Digression concerning the Violation of the last Wills of Parents and Testators. Gavestone advanced to be Chief Minister of State and Favourite. The Nobility discontented. The King of Scots invades England. The King unsuccessful in his Wars with that Prince. The Peers procure Gavestone's Banishment; but is sent to Ireland as the King's Lieutenant; is recalled and becomes more Insolent; is Banish'd the Third Time, and Returns; Advises the King to destroy the Nobility and Reign Absolute. The Peers raise an Army, Gavestone taken and Beheaded.

T H E



T H E
L I F E
O F
K. *EDWARD II.*

C A N T O I.

1.

I Sing thy sad Disaster, (Fatal Kinge
Carnarvan Edward Second of that Name)
Thy *Minions Pride*, thy *State ill managing*,
Thy *Perres Revolt*, the sequel of the same,
Thy *Life*, thy *Death*, I sing thy *Sinne thy Shame*,
And how thou wert deprived of thy *Crown*,
In highest Fortune cast by Fortune downe.

2.

Did I say *Fortune*? nay by *Folly* rather,
By unrespect unto the Rules of State:
For let a Prince assure himselfe to gather
As he hath planted, either Love or Hate,
Contempt or Dutie; not the worcke of Fate,
Much less of Fortune, but of due-respects
To Causes which must needes produce Effects.

B

3. As

3.

As if a Prince do lay his *Plattforme* right,
 And then with *Courage* prosecute the same,
 His Ends prove Happy: But by Oversight
 He that is weake wholly subverts the frame
 Of his owne Building, and doth idly blame
 Fortune, which *Wise Men* make to waite on them,
 But for a wayward Mistress *Fooles* condemne.

4.

In which discourse if I could happ to touche
 Those Faults that in our tyme are frequent growne
 Lett not the gall'd Offender winche, or grutche,
 For I intend a Private Wrong to none:
 Onely I would have these same Errors knowne
 By which the State did then to Ruine runne
 That warn'd by theirs, Our Age like Sinns might

5.

(shunne.

Nor do I meane to bound my selfe soe much
 As only for to tye me to those Tymes,
 The Causes, Courses, Consequents I'le touche
 Of latter Ages, and of their Designs
 And if Detraction's Breathe doth blast my Lynes
 Be it for me I have 't for my Defence
 The Privy Coate of *harmles Innocence*.

6.

And thou, *Great Kinge*, that now dost weild the State,
 Building on that which former Tymes did square,
 Oh lett it not be thought to derogate
 From thy Perfections admirable rare
 If I some Errors of the Tymes declare:
 Since never State was so precisely good
 But Faults have scapt which could not be withstood.

7. For

7.

For Men are not like *God*, Compleate Divine,
Whom neither Passions move nor Errors blinde,
Who is not lymitted with any Tyme;
Nor ty'd to Meanes, nor unto Place confynde;
But Free in all, noe countercheck doth finde
To contradict the least part of his Will,
But worcketh all in all, and nothing ill.

8.

Whereas our humane Actions all are mixt,
Men live in *Motion*, soe do their *Designes*,
Nothing is simply good or firmly fixt,
All have Defects, Nature it selfe declynes,
Darknes oft cloudes the clearest Sonne that shines,
Our purest Streames are not without their Mudd;
And we mistake what oft we take for good.

9.

Besides *Kings* needs must see with others Eyes,
From whence mistaking cannot choose but spring.
And when th' Offence from *Error* doth arise
Why should Men cast the *Envy* on the *King*,
And not on those that misinforme the Thing?
This is the *Gall* most banes the Kingly Throwne,
That of his Faults the least parte is his owne.

10.

For he himself is Blameles oft (*God knowes*)
Except it be because he doth not knowe
The noted Scandalls that arise from those
On whome he doth his Favours most bestowe:
Which they abusing, Discontents may growe
Against the *Prince*, though not deserving them,
Soe apt we are even Goodnes to Condemne.

B 2

11. Nor

11.

Nor must we with a *Coale* straight mark or brand
 A *Prince* or *State* because of some Defect:
 Who can be free from Sully, if foe scan'd?
 But that some *Prince* or *State* deserves respect,
 Whose Actions do in generall affect
 And ayme at Good, for in Particulers
 None can be foe compleat but often errs.

12.

And much are they deceav'd that thinke to finde
 A *State* without a Blemish or a Stayne;
 Conceit may cast Ideas in the Mynd,
 And forge strange Formes, not practis'd in the Braine:
 But *States* consist of Men, and Men retayne
 This native Badge, which unto all doth cleave,
 That is to be deceav'd and to deceive.

13.

The warlike Trumpett Sounding to the Fight
 Commands the hearing more then doth the *Reed*:
 Each Eye is fixed on the *Eagles* Flight,
 When little *Wrenns* deserve not any heed,
 The greatest Men shall have the greatest meed:
 Marke whosoe list, and they shall find it tryed
 That all Mens Eares to *Princes* Tongues are tyed.

14.

Then let the World attend *King Edwards* Words,
 The *Second Edward*, matter fitt for moane, (Swords
 Whose Smiles gave Life, whose Frowns did wound like
 Whilst he did sitt uppon the Kingly Throane:
 Not Mynded now, nor Moan'd by any one,
 So Tyme wee see cutts downe with fatall Blowe
 As well proud *Oakes*, as humble *Skrubbs* belowe.

15. Imagine

15.

Imagine with your selves you see him come
From forth the deepe darke Cavernes of the Earther,
Starv'd and Pyn'd, nothing but Skin and Bone,
In Princly Plenty suffering Want and Dearth,
As naked as an Infant at his Birth.
Soe pinching *Need* doth pluck what *Pride* did plant,
And wastfull *Ryot* is repaid with *Want*.

16.

And thus, *poore Prince*, begins his Tragick Plaint,
Am I the same that was *First Edward's* Sonne,
By nature borne to live without Restraint?
Were there for me soe many *Trophies* wonn
By *Longshanks*, and such great Atchievements done
I am the same, and he soe great did leave me,
As none, I thought, of Greatness could bereave me.

17.

But now I finde by Prooffe that one there is,
And well it is that there is such an one,
Who is not hudwinckt unto our Amisse,
And he canne pull us from our *Kingly Throne*,
For all our *Guards*, our *Forts*, our *Walls* of Stone:
Know, King, how great soe're thou be,
The *King of Kings* still ruleth over thee.

18.

I know that Nature, apt to overweene,
May eas'ly Strayne a *Prince's* Thought too highe,
I know it is, and evermore hath beene
A common Course to flatter *Majesty*:
Greatnes is apt to sinne in *Surquedry*.
Yet though like *Hills* wee overlook low Grownds,
All vertuous *Kings* confesse they have their *Bounds*.

B 3

19. And

19.

And therefore though wee have *Perogatives*,
 Yett there are certaine *Limitts* to the same
 Which letts not Kings to be *Superlatives*,
 To sway as *God's Lieftennants* this Faire Frame,
 And those Aspirers meritt Death and Shame,
 That doe repugn against those supream Powers
 Whome *God* hath made his Underlings; not *Ours*.

20.

And yet allthough their State be free from Force,
 That gives not Lawles *Liberty* in all,
Kings must observe a just and rightfull Course,
 God is their King to whome they Stand or Fall,
 His Feare and Awe, whoe to account will call:
 Their Oathe, their Vertue, and their owne Renown
 Are *Diamantine Chains* to ty a *Crown*.

21.

And such as are not mov'd with theise respects,
 But make their Might to serve their Will in all,
 Leave them to *God* who *ruines* and *erects*,
 Setts up a *David* and pulls downe a *Saull*:
 He prospers, Houses rise; he Frownes, they Fall;
 'Tis not *Descents*, nor *Swords*, nor *Force*, nor *Fate*,
 But *God* supports, and *God* supplants a *State*.

22.

Nyne Kings had ruled since the *Conquest* here,
 Whome I succeeded in a rightfull Lyne,
 My *Father*, all Domestick Tumults cleare,
 Did Warre and winn in fruitfull *Palestine*,
 This *Northern Sonne* even to the *East* did Shine,
 The *French* did feare when they but heard his Name,
French, *Scotts*, and *Turks* did eternize the same.

23. No

23.

Noe Realme but did resound *First Edward's Praise*,
 Noe Praise was ever wonn with more Deserts,
 And noe Desert, though great, could counterpoise,
 Much lesse out-balance his Heroick Parts;
Mars taught him *Armes*, the *Muses* taught him *Arts*:
 Whereby soe great he grew that might there bee
 A *Jove* on *Earth*, that *Earthly Jove* was *Hee*.

24.

A King may leave his Name unto his Sonne,
 But to his Sonne noe King can leave his Nature,
 In outward Form and Shape they may seeme one,
 His Posture, Speech, his Countenance and Feature
 May make the same be thought the selfesame Creature:
 I know in Face Sonns may be like their Syer,
 But *Faces like* have oft *unlike Desiers*.

25.

For why our Bodies made of Humane Seede
 Resemble them whose Matter was their making,
 Yea soe farr forth as often times we read
 Of many Greifes hereditary taking
 First roote from Parents Loynes, and not forsaking
 Their Issues Issue untill many Ages,
 To wofull Masters most unwellcome Pages.

26.

But Minds, not cast in any mortall mold,
 Infus'd from Heaven, not ty'd unto Succession,
 Are freely left, for soe the Maker would,
 Unto his Wise and Provident Discretion,
 Like softned Wax, apt to receave Impression:
 But when the Form is once imprinted in,
 'Tis hardly lost, *what Nature first did win*.

27. Which

27.

Which is too truly instanced in mee,
 For I was farr unlike my *worthy Syre*,
 A sower *Crabb* from sweetest Apple Tree,
 A *Cloudy Smoke* from *Sunbright Shining Fyre* ;
 And that small Good which Nature did inspire
 By soothing Tongues too soone was turnd to Ill:
 Soe smallest Frost untimely Fruite doth kill.

28.

For when Men did perceave my youthful ytche
 To vain *Delight*, and saw my Mind affected
 Unto the Flight where Pleasure made the *Pitch* :
 How all my *Noble Studies* were neglected,
 My Youth with *Ease*, my Ease with *Lust* infected,
 Straight some sow'd Pillowes underneath my Sinn,
 And prais'd that most, that I delighted in.

29.

Amongst the rest one *Pierce of Garveston*,
French by his Birth, and *French* by his Behaviour,
 One that indeed was second unto none
 In winding in himself in great Mens Favour,
 That by their Hazards he might be a Saviour ;
 When he did spy the *Marke* whereat I ment
 Straight found the meanes to give my *Bow* more bent.

30.

Wee liv'd together even from Prime of Yeares,
 Whereby our joint Affections were combin'd,
 The mutuall Confort of our Infant Feares
 Doth keepe a long Possession of the Mind,
 And many deepe Impressions leave behind :
 Would'st thou have Love to last even to the Tomb:
 Then lett it take beginning at the Wombe.

31. S

31.

Soe hunt the Hound and soe the Hawke doth fly
 As at first Entrance they are made and man'd,
And so theise Springing Humours seldom dye
That in our first Concept ingraued stand :
 Though childish Love seems to be built on Sand,
 Yet every one may in himselfe it prove,
He likes it still that he at first did Love.

32.

Princes that doe intend your Heires such good
 As shall enable them for to succeed,
 And noe way to disparage their *Highe Blood,*
 Oh lett it be your most respectiue heed
 To sowe their tender Yeares with *Vertues Seed :*
 For soe the well or ill manured Feild
 As it is tyll'd doth *Corne* or *Cockle* yeild.

33.

Inure their *Youth* unto their *Peeres* Converse,
 From whence some Seeds of liking first will growe,
 Which even the Soule it selfe in time will pierce,
 And prove a constant Zeale, from whence will flow
 All dutious Offices that Men can show :
 And then *Designes* from *Princes* happiest prove
 When their great *Peeres* doe serve because they love.

34.

Besides there is a secret Trust repos'd
 In those whome long Assurance hath combynd,
 And when wee know how Humours are dispos'd
 We frame our *Counsels* fitter to the Mind,
 Unfounded, Nature's sharpest Judgment's blind ;
 And those wee entertaine with *Diffidence*
 Of whom wee have but small *Experience.*

35. So

35.

So that to winn a Trust, to plant a Love,
To gaine a settled Service of the *Petres*,
This is the way which cheifest *Princes* prove
To glue them fast even in their Infant Yeares,
And there my *Father's* Error much appeares,
Who did ingraft me into *Gavestone*,
By counting both our early Youthes in one.

36.

He was in Face a *Cupid*, or more faire,
A *Mercury* in Speech, or ells as much,
In Active Vigor he was *Mars* his Heire,
In Witt, *Jove* Bred, *Minerva* was not such:
But all theise Gifts will not abide the touch
Except with inward Vertues of the Mind
Bewty and *Speech*, *Strength*, *Witt*, are all refin'd.

37.

Why then should *Nature* sett soe faire a glosse
Upon a Minde which Sinn doth soe deforme?
Why should shee guild and patch up such base Droffe
As if shee did the Soule's Affection scorne,
And onely would *Impiety* adorne,
Or els seduce those Minds from judging right
Who doe conforme their Censures to their Sight?

38.

But oft wee see a sweete and mild Aspect,
A comely Presence pleasing unto all,
A Face that seemes all Vertues to affect
Doth hide a Heart of Stone, a Mind of Gall,
A crabbed Will, a Soule of Sinn most thrall,
And therefore he in Judgment shoots awry
That onely takes his Levell from his Eye.

39. Because

39.

Because the glorious Inside of the Mind
 Hath noe dependance on the Outward Forme,
 In which if *Erring Nature* prove unkinde
 And Disproportions doe the shape deforme
She commonly endeavours to reforme
 The *Body's* Error with the Mind's supply :
 So *Richest Gemms in Earth's close Entralls lye.*

40.

The *Face* is *Falce*, the *Looke*, is but a *Lyer*
 The *Habbit* and the *Heart* doe much dissent,
 For good Pretences cloke a bad Desier,
 Fair Complements doe guild a falce Intent,
 Who doth rely on them may channce Repent :
 Which was my Case and caus'd my Overthrow,
 For I did prize the Substance by the Show.

41.

If I may Use that Word without Comptroll,
 If ever any *Metempsychosis* was,
 I think the last *Affyrian* Monarch's Soule
 By due discent to *Gavestone* did passe :
 For he was a right *Sardanapalus*,
 Drown'd in Delights, if one may tearm them soe,
 That Hatch in *Lust*, and Breath their last in *Woe*.

42.

This highest Scholler in the School of Sinn,
 This *Genature*, Halfe a Man and Halfe a Beast,
 This pleasing *Syren* soe my Hart did winn
 That he was deare to me above the rest ;
 Looke what He said was *Gospell* at the first,
 Looke what he did I made my Presedent ;
 See soone we Learne, what we too late Repent.

43. This

43.

This *Angell-Diue*ll thus shrined in my Hart,
 This *Dragon* having gott the Golden Fruit,
 My very Soule to him I did imparte,
 Nor ever was I Deafe unto his Suite,
 He Acted all, I was a Silent *Mute*:
 My being seem'd to be in him alone,
Plantaginet was turn'd to *Gavestone*.

44.

And having seized me into his Hands,
 For feare belike he should be soon diseas'd,
 He thought to tie me still in straighter Bands,
 By praising that wherewith my Sence was pleas'd;
 Affirming that our Lives were to be eas'd
 Of many Cumbers which the *Curious Wife*
 Had laid on Men the more to *Tyrannize*.

45.

For what are *Laws* but servile Observations
 Of this or that as't pleas'd the Makers mind,
 The self-conceited saw Imaginations
 Of worcking Braines which did in Freedome fynd
 Our humane State, which they forsooth, would bynd
 To what they like, what like not was *Forbidden*:
 So Horse and Mule with Bitt and Spurr are ridden.

46.

Which well invented *Scarrcrowes* though they seem
 For mud-borne Men to keep them in some awe,
 Yet *Princes* are not borne soe to observe
 The strict Precisements of th' *Incumb'ring Law*,
 Which their High State to base Contempt doth draw
Kings made these *Laws*, and *Kings* may *Break* them now
 That pleased them, and this displeaseth you.

47 Ne

47.

Noe, Noe, (*Sweet Prince*) saith he there is noe Law
 Can Bynd a King but onely his Defyre;
 And that full well the *Affiryan Monarches* saw,
 Whoe had before them borne Consuming Fyer,
 Emblem of Regal Power, which all admyre
 But none must touch for feare of following harmes,
 For Fyer (we know) Consumes as well as Warmes.

48.

The Spiders Webb holds fast the *silly Fly*,
 The Hornet breaks it like a mighty Lord,
 That King of Kings when he could not unty
 The Gordion Knott divides it with his Sword:
 That Act of his fitt Matter doth afford
 For President, were I as thou shalt bee,
 I'd Rule the Law, The Law should not Rule mee.

49.

Except it were the Golden Law of Nature,
 Sweet Nature, sweetest Mother of us all,
 Which hath Infus'd thus much to every Creature,
 To love the Honey and to loath the Gall,
 To learne Delight, not to be Sorrow's Thrall:
 For Pleasure doth with Nature foe agree
 As Bees with Thyme, as Hony with the Bee.

50.

For in the Prologue of our Infant Play,
 Even in our Cradle we doe cry and yell
 For Nurses Brest, why foe? for Foode you'l say,
 'Tis true, and Foode (say I) doth please us well,
 As Hunger seems to be a Second Hell:
 Soe that in Truth the Motive of our Cry
 Is to be Fedd, and to be Pleas'd thereby.

C

51. As

51.

As in our *Prologue* see in our next *Act*,
 I meane in Childish Years, whoe doth not see,
 That everie Thought of Ours, and Word and Faſt,
 Doth ayme at Sporte, at Pleaſures, and at Glee;
 With daily Cares, and mightie Studdies bee.
 Wittnes the *Checks*, the *Rods*, the *Blowes* we take,
 The many Blowes, and all for *Pleaſures* ſake.

52.

But when our Youth doth ſtepp upon the *Stage*,
 The ſweeteſt part that any Man can play,
 The pleaſing *Love* and *Hope*, (*Love's* pleaſing *Page*)
 And *Courage*, *Hope's* Attendant Night and Day,
 And *Fortune* ſe'dome ſaying *Courage* nay;
 With full-fail'd Courſe doth carry us amayne,
 To ſeek the Coaſt where full Content doth Raigne.

53.

Not ſtaying here, ſtill Nature drives us on
 To new Delights, but of a diuerſe kind:
 For *middle Age* to *Armes* will needs be gon,
 With *Honours* ſweet to Feede his hungry Mind,
 And what is Honour but a pleaſing Wind?
 Remember what that famous *Gretian* ſayes,
The ſweeteſt Muſick is a Man's owne Prayſe.

54.

Next Elder Age, and Silver ſeeming Haires,
 By Nature ran full chaſe ſtill after Pleaſure,
 For (Oh) the ſolace of the wayneing Yeares,
 To view her *Ruddocks*, and their Heapes of Treafure,
 To weigh and tell their Gold at everie leaſure;
 How great it is, ſpeake they that rather chooſe
 Gold ſhould looſe them, then they their Gold ſhould
 looſe.

55. The

55.

The *Epilogue* of all our former Tyme
 More hunts for Joy then any of the rest;
 Decrepit Age doth pray before the Pryme,
 With Tearfull-Eyes, and knocks upon his Brest,
 And gives his *Almes* to them that are distrest:
 And what's his End? That he might *Heaven* obtaine;
 And what is *Heaven*? But *Pleasure void of Paine*.

56.

And as the Mind hath Motions to affect,
 Soe have wee Means to satisfie the Mind,
 Our *little World* is made with much Respect,
 Our Mother Nature hath bene Wise and Kind,
 By whome wee have apt Organs us assign'd
 To execute whatsoe our Thoughts intend;
 And all our *Thoughts* ayme at some *Pleasing End*.

57.

Is not the *Head* the Storehouse of Conceit,
 Plotting the Means to compasse our Delight,
 Our Eyes Attendants that doe daily waite
 Upon such Objects as may please our Sight?
 Wittnes the Chery Cheeks, and Brow Milke-White:
 Wittnes, O noe, noe Witnes but my Wishe,
 How Sight and Soule both like and long for this.

58.

What Mind, what Man, what Man of any Mind,
 That is not toucht and mov'd with *Musick's* sound?
 Whose deep Impression worcks in Brutish kind,
 As *Dolphins*, els *Arion* had bene drown'd;
 The savage Beasts that would not *Orpheus* wound,
 The fencles Stones whome *Phebus* Harpe did move,
 Doe wittnes all, how all doe *Musick* love.

C 2

59 The

59.

The bubling murmur of a flyding Springe,
That seemes to runn with sweete yea sullen Minde,
By which the winged *Qayres* in Consert sing,
With faire fac'd *Eunuches* errors of their kind,
Whose Notes are answered with a soft still Wind,
Whilst some desired Dame tymes all with Kisses,
Who would not hold that Place a Heaven of Blissess?

60.

As Head, and Eyes, and Eares foe are our *Hands*,
Fleshhookes to hold and gather all unto us.
That with our *Pleasure* or our *Proffi* stands,
Thursting aside whatever may undoe us:
For which Imployments are allotted to us
Two *Hands*, Two *Feet*, the Agents of our Will,
To followe Rest, and fly from Restles Ill.

61.

Soe likewise in the structure of this Frame,
What is not made for Pleasure with much Art?
Soe Likewise in the guidance of the same,
What is deny'd us that may please the Heart?
Most Sencles Man (what Man foe ere thou art)
That in the very Fullnes of such Store
By willfull Wants wilt make thy selfe most Poore.

62.

In Heate of Summer when the *Burning Sunn*
Doth crust the Earth, are there not shady Bowers,
Are there not *Rivers* that do mildly Runn,
And now and then some cooling dewye Showers,
To keepe the Bewtie of the Blooming Flowers,
Wherewith our Mother Earth soe Faire is dight
That she allures her Children with Delight?

63. I will

63.

I will not speake of everie Daies Delight,
They are so Various, full of Rarytyes;
But are there not Sweet Pleasures for the Night;
Masques, Revells, Banquetts, mirthfull Commedyes?
Nigh-sunns even Natures dearest Prodigies,
Which work in Men with Powerfull Influence,
As havinge their first Lives best motion thence.

64.

If then the *Mover* of this Glorious *Round*
Hath wisely fitted each thing see to *pleasure*,
May he not seeme his Order to confound
That barrs himselfe from this same *Earthly Treasure*,
And to Delight doth lymitt sparing Measure?
Is't ever likely he would have made Things thus,
But that they should be fully us'd by us?

65.

And that I may not runn about the *Feilds*,
But keep my self in Compasse of the Ring,
I will omitt the Rich and Fruitfull *Feild*
Of Pleasure, poynting onely at the *Springe*;
The tast whereof such perfect *Blis* doth bring,
As I do thinke no other Heaven there is,
Heaven Pardon me, if that I thinke amisse.

66.

That is, *Sweete Nedd*, the *Paradise of Love*,
The Joy of Life, and Life of our Conceite;
The Heavenly Fyre infused from above,
On which the *Muses* and the *Graces* wayte;
The Bodies Health, Soules Hope, and Natures Bayte,
The Quintessence, or Pure Essentiall Sweete,
The Point where all the Lynes of Pleasure meete.

C 3.

67. *Sweete*

67.

Sweete Love! that hast *sweete Beauty* for thine Object
Wise Love! that dost converse with *Soules* and *Hearts*
Great Love! to whome the greatest King is subject,
Pure Love! that dost sublime our *Earthly Parts*,
 And makes them ayry by *Ingenious Arts* :
 O lett my *Nedd*, my *Prince*, my *Joue* possesse
 The Joys I would, but cannot well expresse.

68.

And thou (*sweet Nedd*) experience but the Pleasure
 Try what it is to Love, and be requited,
 And I will pawne my Life (*my greatest Treasure*)
 With one *sweete Night* thou wilt be so delighted,
 That thou wilt wish the World were still benighted
 Then say (*deere Prince*) when thou the same dost prove
 Noe Heaven but Joy, nor any Joy but Love.

69.

Oh see the *Fruits* of ill abused Witt,
 What Heart is wrought by Arm'd Impiety,
 Their wretched *Soules* that ill with Art committ
 And Surfett with the sweet Satiety
 Of *Graces* given them by the *Deity* :
 Were all such Minds brought up at Plow and Cart
 Learning should have her due, they their Desert.

70.

I see the Rule holds true, the best of all
 Being corrupted turnes unto the worst ;
 And see the damned Spiritts before their Fall,
 Most Blessed, chaing'd from that they were at first,
 And now most Vile, most Wretched, most Account
 Look what degree of Goodnes things retayne
 Whilest they are Good, being ill they soe remayne

71. Wit

71.

With such and many more, more wanton Gloses,
 Whereat thy *Virgin Muse* will blushe for shame,
 With unchast Words and *Pander-like* Supposes,
 This *Garvestone* so brought me out of Frame,
 That I Neglected *Father, Friends and Fame*;
 And soe those Pleasures onely were Respective
 That to my Fancy seemed most delective.

72.

You see how soone our sweetest Budds are blasted;
 How soone our fairest Blossomes loose their Florishe,
 How easily are the Seeds of Vertue wasted;
 And noysome Weeds of Vice how much wee norishe,
 Which doth the Soule of her chief Health impoverishe:
 Youth apt to stray is easily ledd awry,
 Wee fall by Nature, what needs Flattery.

73.

And yett he hath too much to worck uppon,
 The unexperience of our younger Yeares,
 The heat of Blood (which easily drawes us on)
 Ungrounded Hopes, and fond surmised Feares,
 The Courses enterrayn'd by like Compeeres,
 Our own Desert, our Parents loving Care
 This Devill doth use as Trapps unto his Snare.

74.

And soone it will the least Advantage finde,
 Whereby it may creepe into Mens conceite,
 Observing first to what they are inclin'd,
 Which once perceiv'd it fits the humor straight,
 Still keeping Fashion, but still wanting Waite.
 In omplements most seemingly precise,
 And that faire Masque blinds unsuspecting Eyes.

75. But

75.

But like as those Diseases faster grow,
 Whose moving Causes on Complexions feed,
 Soe farr more dangerous is this private Foe,
 That doth attire himself in Friendships Weed,
 Then he that shewes his Hate by open Deed,
 For Armes, or Laws, or Freinds may fence the one,
 The other God himselfe must sheild alone.

76.

Soe *Synon* did the *Trojan* State confound,
 Soe *Guildded Tombs* are full of rotten Earth,
 Soe *Crocodills* allthough they Weepe they Wound,
 Soe *Panthers* circumvent with their sweet Breath
 Soe *Syrens* though they sing, their Tunes are Death;
 And yett as Fish bite most at Hony Baits,
 Even soe are Men most caught with sweet Conceits

77.

Therefore be pleas'd to heare a plaine Discourse
 Suspect the Tongue that still run'd to the Eare,
Faire Truth is not for Nakednes the worse,
 But *Falschood* many Ornaments must weare,
 Least all her foule Deformityes appeare,
 Which Art can flourish over fitt for Court,
 Whilst simple Truth to Deserts doth resort.

78.

And this is that great Sea of Misery
 In which the greatest Monarches most are drown'd:
 That they are seldome free from Flattery,
 Pretences being colourable fown'd
 To sooth that Humour that doth most abound;
 And soe the *Prince* runs on from ill to worse,
 And still's perswaded best of his bad Course.

79. Whereby

79.

Whereby the Dainger on himselfe doth fall,
 The Gaine unto the *Favorite* accrewes,
 For grieved *Subiect* being wrong'd with all,
 Forgetting Dewty impiously pursues
 Meanes of *Revenge*, whence Dainger oft ensues;
 Meane while the Man that fedd the Humor soe,
 Falls off perhaps, and scapes the coming Blowe.

80.

Therefore lett Kings preferr them that are plaine,
 And make such Great as doe not Greatnes feare,
 Such serve their *Lords* for Love and not for Gaine,
 Theyre *Jewells* of the Heart not of the Eare,
 They will discover Dangers that are nere;
 When oyled Tongues will still make all secure,
 And carles Greatnes ever stands unsure.

81.

But why should I give Rules when I keepe none?
 Why should I teach and never could obay?
 Onely for this, where I was overthrowne
 Others may looke least they be cast away:
 And they that make this use, thrise Happy they,
 Because by others wracks themselves may read
 How to prevent their owne Mishapps with heed.

82.

Sooth'd thus in Sinn, all Goodness was forgotton,
 My *Father's Wordes* of noe Esteeme were growne,
 And I that scarce seem'd *Ripe*, was straight fownd *Rot-*
 Like Fruite that is from Tree untimely Blowne;^{(ron,}
 But that took Roote which *Gavestone* had sowne,
 And sprowted soe that it did Seede at last;
See worthis Weeds, we say, doe grow too fast.

83. For

83.

For at the first I was aſham'd to Sinn,
 But Sinn did ſay, my greateſt Sinn was Shame,
 Then by degrees I did delight therein,
 And from delight I did deſire the ſame,
 And my deſires ſoe proſperouſly did Frame,
 That now I could with *Gaveſtone* corrive,
See doth the Bramble with the Thistle ſtrive.

84.

Which when my *aged Father* did perceave,
 With many Tears (the Meſſengers of Moane)
 He did bewaile Himſelfe, that He ſhould leave,
 His *Crowne* to me, and me to *Gaveſtone*:
 I in my *Sonne* (ſaith he) am overthrowne,
 My *Bliff*, my *Bane*, my *Peace* procures my *Strife*,
First Edward dyes in Second Edward's Life.

85.

To be a *Father* was mine onely Joy,
 And now my Greife it is to be a Father;
 Why ſhould my ſollace turne to mine annoy,
 Why planted I Hearts Eaſe, and Rue muſt gather,
 As I did ſow, I ſhou'd have reaped rather;
 My hopefull Harveſt proves but Thistles Weeds,
 And for the Bloud I gave my Heart now Bleeds.

86.

For oh! how nere a touch doth Nature give,
 How ſerching are the ſufferings of our Bloud,
 How much the Fathers Soule doth joy or grieve,
 When he doth ſee his Iſſue bad or good,
 Is hard of any to be underſtood,
 Except of thoſe whoſe feeling Bowels find
 What deepe Impreſſions doe proceed from kind.

87. Wife

87.

Wife was the Prince, whoe playing with his Sonne,
And teaching him to ride uppon a *Reede*;
To whome a great *Ambassador* did come,
And seem'd to Blush at his soe Childish deed;
Doe not (quoth hee) to Judgment yett proceed,
I onely crave a Respite of thy Doome
Till thou thy self art Father of a Sonne.

88.

Inferring that there is a secret Love,
Which untutcht parts can hardly comprehend,
Would God the same reciprocall might prove,
Oh that kind Nature would sometimes ascend:
Fathers too oft by indulgence offend,
But Sonns more oft in Duty prove defective,
Theise wayward Times are growne soe unrespective.

89.

Nature soe wrought that *Crassus* Sonn cry'd out,
Who from his Birth before had ne're spoke Word,
When he did see a Soldier goe about
To kill the King his Father with his Sword.
Could Nature then such Presedents afford!
Was she soe powerful now unjoynted soe! (woe!
That Sonns themselves now worcke their Fathers

90.

But, foolish Man, why doe I blame my Sonn,
Whose the unknowing Years by ill advice
Being led away a Dangerous Course doe run,
For Youthes *hot Blood* forgett Old Ages *Ice*,
And whilst his *Hand* is in, doth throw the *Dice*,
Att all that *pleasure* setts, and thinks to gaine,
If with the *Dye* he can discharge the *Maine*.

91. Sweet

91.

Sweet Nedd, I blame not the but *Gavestone*,
 For he it is that sitteth at the Helme,
 And steeres the Sterne, as he pleases thou art blowne
 Nor will he leave till he doth overwhelme
 In deepest Gulfe *thy selfe* and all *thy Realme*;
 For stirring Spiritts doe troubled Streames desier,
 And then thrive best when all is sett on Fyer.

92.

Observe those *wasted States* that doe declyne,
 How apt they are for innovation,
 How much they doe gainst Publick Good repyne,
 And hopefully expect an Alteration;
 That whilst things are unsettled, out of Fashion,
 They may close up the Wounds they had before,
 And by that Meanes their private Wants restore.

93.

Therefore lett those that have a grounded State
 And may live well, joyne close in any Case,
 Against all such as seeke to Innovate,
 If not in Duety, yet in good Advice,
 To keep such downe as hope perhaps to rise
 Upon their Ruynes, whose Revenewes may
 Cutt short their Lives, but prove the Spoylers Pre

94.

And with these Lincks such Spiritts as would ryse
 But are by former Great Ones still suppress,
 And such doe *dangerous Stratagems* devise,
 Nor will their eager Hopes afford them Rest,
 But mount they must; whoever be deprest;
 And little doe they Fear the Stats Confusion,
 Soe they thereby to Greatnes make Intrusion.

95. An

95.

And to this end they are obsequious still,
 They sooth, they fawne, they seeme officious,
 They fitt themselves to their great Master's will
 Be it good or badd, just, or Injurious,
 They serve even turnes base and Luxurious:
 But I'll provide a wholesome *Metridate*
 Soe to prevent theise Poysons of the State.

96.

And firmly settled in this Resolution,
 By strict command was *Gaveston* exil'd
 I begg'd of him to stopp the Execution,
 But then my *Father* shooke his Head and smil'd;
 Oh! Nedd (*saieth he*) How much thou art beguil'd,
 To foster that which will thy downfall bee,
 And warme the Snake that will envenome thee!

97.

I wisht my self an *Echo* at that word,
 That I might then have boldly answered thee,
 For never was there sharpest Edged Sword
 That wounded more then that same wounded me;
 But goe he must, soe was the *King's Decree*.
 And when he went then dyde my bloudless Heart,
 Soe doth the Body from the Soule depart.

98.

The former Tymes have held it good advise
 That some Offenders should abjure the Land,
 But 'tis a *Course* both dangerous and unwise,
 And with no rules of *Regiment* can stand,
 For if the matter be with Judgment Scand,
 It will appeare to Men considerate
 That abjuration hurts the Prince and State.

D

99. I

99.

I doe not meane of Men that are not just,
 For who respects the humming of the Gnatt,
 Such Attomys may wander where they lust,
 Their muddy Pates can neither Frame nor Ploft,
 Nor feeble Hands worck danger to the State;
 Let Men of Marke, be Markt and wary heed
 Be had of them that may disturbance breed.

100.

And 'tis not safe to Banish such an one,
 As may finde means to worck his owne retorne,
 Soe Bullinbrooke slept into Richard's Throane,
 And gave him leasure afterwards to Mourne
 His Foolishe Fault, such Medicines may Adorne
 The present Payne a while, but makes the Sore
 To ranckle faster then it did before.

101.

Mild Druggs may stirr the Humours that abound,
 But will not quire expell the growing Ill,
 The Roote and Body both remayning sound,
 Although the Tree be lopt yet thrives it still,
 But when thou hast the Ax to use at will,
 Strike at the Roote and fell it to the Ground,
 Rather then pare the Bowes and Branches round.

102.

For 'tis lost Labour to begin with them,
 They needs must wither if the other Dye,
 And doe not feare though vulgar breath condemne
 Thy Carriage in such Courtes, whose weake Eye
 Lookes at the present onely, and thereby
 Values the rest, doe thou make Good thy End,
 The common sort will ever be thy Freind.

103. Wjs

103.

Wife Longshanks, (yet in this thou wert not Wife)
 If thou hadst tooke the Head of *Gavestone*,
 Those subsequent Disasters that did rise
 From him, had been prevented everie one;
 Thy Sonne had not bene sholdred from his *Throne*,
 Thy Peeres not slayne nor *Realme* to ruine brought,
 But see God's worcks till all his will be wrought.

104.

My *Gavestone* thus drawen into Exile,
 My selfe committed like a Captive Thrall;
 (For soe my *Father* kept me short a while)
 With bitter Curses I did blame them all,
 I Drunk my Teares and Fedd upon my Gall;
 I chat and storm'd, yet could I not prevaile,
 Needs must will be, faine would, doth often faile.

105.

Then were my Colours turn'd to mournfull Black,
 I did put on the Livery then of Care,
 Like to the hopelesse Seaman in a Wrack,
 That sees the greedy Waves devour his share,
 Nor otherwise did thoughtfull *Edward* fare;
 Him whome *Remembrance* in my Soul did plant,
 His Lott my Losse, his Woe my Pleasures want.

106.

The chieftest Cordial of my griev'd Soule,
 The one and only Period of my Paine
 Was this, that Death admitting noe controule,
 Would end my *Father's* Life, his Life his *Raigne*,
 And then thought I, Ned will have *Peirce* again;
 When *England's* Crowne shall make a Jove of mee,
 Then *Gavestone* my *Ganimede* shall bee.

D 2

107. And

107.

And as I hopt so had my hope Successe,
 For shortly after dy'de my noble *Syre* ;
 Whilst he prepar'd the *Scotts* for to suppressse,
 Loe now (quoth I) I have my Hearts Desire ;
Longshanks is Dead, his Water, Ayre, and Fyer,
 Are turn'd to Earth, and Earthly might he bee
 That on the Earth did keep the *Crowne* from mee.

108.

Yet in that sadd dismayfull Hower of Dying,
 Noe greife did him more feelingly distresse,
 Then that his *Vitious Sonne* (all vertues flying)
 Should ruine that by *Ryott* and *Excesse*,
 Which he had built with soe great Carefullnes:
 And therefore for to weane me from such Sinns
 These well run'd Noats this *Dying Swan* begins.

109.

" My Sonne (quoth he) for in that Name of Zeale
 " My words may prove of more effectual Power,
 " Why shouldst thou soe with thy Sick Father deale
 " As to torment him in his parting Hower,
 " Whose Life hath had his Potion full of Sower?
 " And yett to make my Measure fuller still
 " My Sonne doth daily add unto my Ill.

110.

" I know what 'tis by many driftfull meanes,
 " To keepe the *Crowne* upright upon the Head,
 " I know the Troublous Sleepes and *Frightfull Dreames*
 " That Hover still about a *Princely Bedd*,
 " The *Worme* of Greatnes (*Jealousy*) is bredd
 " Out of it selfe, yet this I know withall,
 " Our powerfull Sway, doth sweeten all our Gall.

111. But

III.

" But for thy selfe and for thy Heart-breake griefe,
 " That out of thy Sinn shipwrackt Youth doth growe,
 " Noe Circumstance yeilds Colour or Reliefe,
 " The Cause excuseles, lymittles the Woe,
 " That doth from thy full Sea of Follyes flow:
 " For fowlest fawltts proceed from Powerfull Ill,
 " And Subjects sort themselves to Princes still.

III 2.

" Thou dost not onely by thy vicious liveing
 " Bereave thy Soule that Blisse which Vertue wians
 " But also by thy ill example giveinge,
 " Thou dost excite weake Minds unto like Sins,
 " For certainly the Subject ever Swims
 " Just with the Streame, soe growing like to thee
 " A general *Deluge* of all Sinn will bee.

III 3.

" Much better had it bene thou hadst not bene,
 " Then that thy being should soe ruine all,
 " Oh wherefore was thy Birth-Daie ever seene,
 " If by thy Life the State it selfe doth fall, (doth call,
 " To those fowle Sinns which Wrath from Heaven
 " By whose just Dooms such States confounded are
 " By *Erraine* Fury or *Domestick* Warr.

III 4.

" For when the Seede of Sinn to Ripenes growes,
 " Then *Justice* with a *Cythe* doth Mow it downe,
 " This, this is it that *Kingdomes* overthrowes,
 " Layes wast the Feilds, unpeoples everie Towne;
 " Or if not soe disorders yet the *Crowne*;
 " And though it prove noe general Desolation
 " Yet many daingers followe innovation.

D 3

III 5. When

115,

" When my *Heaven-seeking-Soule* shalt leave her Inn
 " And this my *Fleshe* clos'd in a House of Clay,
 " Then will my shame survive me in thy Sinn,
 " And Babes unborne will blame my Birth and say,
 " His wretched Life gave life to our decay,
 " And had noe other Ill by him bene donn
 " He Sinn'd too much in getting such a Sonne.

116.

" Did I for this indure the *Dust* and *Sunne*,
 " Dislodge at *Midnight*, march at *Midday* Heat,
 " Were *Turkische*, *French*, and *Scottishe* Trophies wonn,
 " Was all my care imploi'd to make thee Great,
 " That Sinn might dispossesse thee of thy State?
 " Oh then I see that Greatnes soone is gone
 " When God drawes not the Plott Man builds upon

117.

" And my *Divining-Soule* doth sadly see
 " Thy Ruine in thy *Ryott*, (*Oh my Nedd!*)
 " When I am gone a *King* then shalt thou bee,
 " But if thou still beest with thy *Passions* ledd,
 " Thou wilt not keepe thy *Crowne* upon thy Head
 " My Soule now parting from her *Earthly* Cage
 " Foretells thee foe in her *Prophetick* Rage.

118.

" Well Sonne I feele my *Faltring* *Tounge* doth faile,
 " Therefore this short *Abridgment* I doe make;
 " *Feare* God, *Love* *Vertue*, let the right prevaile,
 " Shunn *Suddain* *Courses*, *Parasits* forsake,
 " *Disfavour* not thy *Peeres*, their *Councells* take,
 " In thy *Dissignes* *revooke* not *Garvestone*,
 " For he will prove the *Rancker* of thy *Throne*.

119. Perf

119.

" Pursue those *Scottishe Warrs* I have in Hand,
 " And for because my Soule did make a Vow,
 " Unto my God to serve in *Holy Land*;
 " From which this Sicknes interdicts me now,
 " Tho' Death disable me, yet doe it thou;
 " Embowell me, and thither bear my Heart,
 " That I therein att least may take some Part.

120.

" And now, my *Lords* (speaking unto his Peeres)
 " Whose Wealth and Greatnes I have much increast,
 " Be Fathers unto my Sonns untutur'd Yeares,
 " Love him for me, though *Longshanks* be deceast,
 " Let' *Gavestons* Exile not be releast,
 " Leste his Appeale occasion Civil Strife.
 " And soe First *Edward* ends both Speech and Life.

121.

Thus *Death*, that *Herald*, that even *Kings* doth
 The *Purfevant* that doth attach great *Peeres*, (summon
 The *Citty Serjant*, whose Arrest is common,
 The *Errant Bayliffe* then on Proffesse beares,
 And no place bounds but serves it in all Sheares,
 The general Surveior of each one,
 Did bring my Father to his Longest Home.

122.

Whose *Obsequies* with many Honnors donn,
 Then was I Crown'd, methought the Sunn did daunce,
 Merhought faire *Themes* with Silver Streames did runn,
 Merhought the *Starrs* did all applaude the Chaunce
 That did my *State* unto a *Crowne* advance;
 Smile *Starrs*, daunce *Sonne*, and *River* runn with
Cornarwan. Edward is a God on Earth. (Mirthe

123. But

123.

But all the *Starrs* to Blazing *Commetts* turn'd,
 Whose fadd uprise presag'd my dreary Fate;
 The *Rivers* seem'd as if they Wept and Mourn'd,
 The Sunn did never shine uppon my State,
Starrs, Streames, and Sunne saw me unfortunate;
 Disastrous Man, soe Borne to suffer Wrack
 As is the *Aethiope* to be allwaies Black.

124.

Observe the Man whome Fates have stood to greife,
 See how the Wretch that's destin'd fortunes Foe,
 Wil be a Rubb to turne away Releife,
 Even from himselfe and weave his ownewrought woe,
 Harme after him, he after harme shall goe;
 Forespoken Man, and never but succesles,
 Himselfe his Heart, and yett his Heart redresses.

125.

Nay even those very meanes that he shall use,
 In good discretion to prevent the Clapp,
 Shal be retorted unto his abuse,
 And serve for Pulleyes of his owne mishapp,
 Even though he see he shall not shunn the Trapp;
 And if his Ruine were not Ripe before,
 His own *Designes* shall hasten it the more.

126.

The Kinge of *Epire* fearing Death at Home,
 Forewarn'd thereof by former Prophefy;
 To *Italy* (forsooth) must needs be gone,
 Soe to prevent his Fate by Pollicy,
 But still hee's followed by his Destiny;
 In *Italy* he finds an *Acheron*,
 The fatall Floud from which he would be gone.

127. Fourth

127.

Fourth *Henry* was by some *Blind Bard* foretold,
That he should never Dye till he had seene
Jerusalem, Fourth *Henry* will be Old,
Jerusalem for him shall be unseene,
Noe he shall see it when he doth least meene,
Falls Sick at Prayer's, and by religious Men
Is straight convai'd unto *Jerusalem*.

128.

For soe the place was call'd where he was laid,
And shortly after dy'd the *Noble King* :
In vaine Men strive, the Heavens wil be obeyd,
Wee may foreknow, but not prevent a thinge,
Our selves will never cease till wee doe bring
Our *Fates* to full effect, and all wee doe
Shall be but *Lynes* to lead us thereunto.

129.

For first I did those *Councillors* remove,
That in my Father's Raigne had borne most sway,
Whereby I did disarme me of their Love,
To Practices and discontents made way,
Expos'd my selfe to *Envy*, open lay,
To Disadvantage wanting their Advise
Whome long Employments had made deeply Wise.

130.

Besides, I did the *Publick State* some wronge,
Soe to cast off those grounded *Polliticians*,
Who knew to governe, by comaunding long,
Had seene and well observ'd Mens Dispositions,
And soe could tell, when, where, how impositions
Were to be rais'd, how to avoid offence,
How to gaine *Men*, and *Ends* with faire pretence.

131. Who

131.

Who likewise knew how other *Kingdomes* stood,
 The *Concordances* of each *Neighbouring State*;
 How *Realmes* best correspond for eithers good,
 How to make *Leagues*, how to negotiate,
 When to break off, when to Incorporate
 How farr remote, and neere confyners too,
 Are to be weighd, as they have Meanes to doe.

132.

'Tis not the Practice of a Day or twaine,
 'Tis not the *Schoole* or *Sophisters* Debat,
 'Tis not the *Foame* of everie *Working-Brain*,
 'Tis not a Start into a *Neighbouring State*
 That worcks Men fitt to beare a *Kingdomes* weight;
 When Men are full made up, imploy them then,
 For 'tis an *Art of Arts* to govern Men.

133.

Therefore I hold it for a certaine Grown'd,
 Which new made *Princes* must not violate,
 Except they will the *Common-Wealth* confound,
 Not to discharge the Men that know the *State*,
 Whose long *Experience* doth Ingenerate
 A true and perfect Method to Command,
 Both for the *Princes* good, and for the *Land*.

134.

Besides this Fault, scarce settled in my Seate,
 I straight recal'd exiled *Gavestone*;
 Who by my many Favours grew so great,
 That I did seem to live for him alone,
 I *Alexander*, he *Hephestion*.
 Oh! Noe! I wrong them to usurpe their Names,
 Our Loves were like, but farr unlike our Fames.

135. Here

135.

Here did I violate my *Father's Will*,
And all respects of *Duty* did despise:
To wrong the *Dead* is sacreligious ill,
A Clogg that allwaies at the *Conscience* lyes,
And att the latest Gaspe, for Vengeance cryes:
And (Oh!) the Feares and Doubts lurck close within
That restless Soule, that's guilty of such Sinn.

136.

When all his Joynts are rackt with dying Paine,
With cold *Dead-Sweat*, all covered over quite,
What thorney Thoughts will then distract his Braine,
How shall he dare t' approche his Father's sight,
Whose dying Words he liveing sett foe light?
Hele feare his *Freinds*, suspect his *Wife* and *Sonne*,
And Sighing thinke, thei'le doe as I have done.

137.

It is too common to betray the *Trust*
That by *Testators* is in *Friends* repos'd,
But marke *God's* Judgements how severe, how just,
How to the Nature of the Sinn dispos'd,
Even I my selfe was by my *Sonn* depos'd;
that infring'd my *dying Father's* best
Was in my Life by my own *Sonn* distrest.

138.

Mee that had wrong'd a *Syre*, a *Sonn* did wronge,
that did shewe my selfe degenerate,
As I had Sowne so did I Reape e're longe,
Such Sin it is our *Faith* to Violate.

Oh! deepest Doome of *all-foreseeing-Fate*,
How wisely are thy fearfull Judgements fitted
to punishe Sinn as Sinn was first committed.

139. The

139.

The *Gyants* heapt up Hills to clyme the Skye,
 I Honours heapt that *Gawestone* might clyme:
 They did contend with *Jove* and fell thereby,
 He with my *Peeres*, and perished in his Prime;
 They thriv'd at first, but fell in after Time:
 His *Prologue* sweete, but sad was his *last Act*,
 Soe fariest Glasse (Men say) is soonest crackt.

140.

These were the Honours that he did attaine,
 The Earle of Cornwall, and the Lord of Mann,
Chiefe Secretary, Lord great Chamberlaine;
 And for his Wife he *Gloster's* Sister wann.
 Aspyring Man! see how great *Monarches* can (your
 Advance their *States*, whome they doe please to Fe
 Who serves the King, doth seldome lose his labour.

141

Though *Poetts Fictions* seeme to savour much
 Of idle Errors, yet they have their Sence;
King Midas turn'd to Gold all he did touch;
 The *Morrall* this, the Favour of a Prince,
 His gracious Touch may guild without offence,
 The greatest Wants and make him for to soare
 The lofty Pitch, that did but creepe before.

142.

Not all the painful passages one spends
 In serious Contemplation of deep Arts,
 Nor any one Employment soe commends,
 The *Agent* (though a Man of rarest Parts)
 As when the Prince but one sweet Smile imparts
 One looke of Love, one Eye-glance of Delight,
 Have Power to change darke Clouds, to Sonn
 bright.

143. Th

143.

The Eyes of Kings are more then simple Eyes,
 They are the *Starres* that do predominate
 Th Affaires of Men, and in their Influence lyes
 The good or badd of everie ones Estate;
 They are the *Primum Mobile* of Fate,
 They whirle about our Fortunes as they list,
 And as they favour, we are curst or blest.

144.

A King's *smooth Brow* is the true dwelling place
 Of Honour, Wealth, Dependancy, Respect;
 And in his *Wrinkled Forehead* lives Disgrace,
 Death, Exile, Want, a general Neglect,
 A world of Ill lett that Wretch expect.
 Bee it all Rivers to the Sea must runn,
 And everie Light receive Light from the Sunn.

145.

Let them be Great whom Kings resolve to grace,
 It is a Priviledge that is their owne,
 To raise such as they please to Wealth or Place
 Is truly proper to the Princely Throane,
 And hath not bene denyde to any one.
Lewes of Fraunce did say he spent his Raigne
 In Making and in Marring Men againe.

146.

Some by the Schoole, some by the *Lawes* doe mount,
 Some by the Sword, and some by Navigation:
 All *Streames* have Heads, though not the self-same
 Shall onely Kings admitt a Limittation, (Fount,
 How High, for what Desert, or what Nation
 They shall advance, it were a wretched thing
 On that Condition to become a Kinge.

E

147 To

147.

To make new *Creatures* is the Prince's due,
 And without murmure lett him have his owne,
 The Danger onely is to him that's new,
 For Envey ever waits on such an one,
 Both from those Men that are not soe well growne,
 And from great Howses too who straight will feare
 Least such new *Starrs* should thrust them from their

148.

(Spoke.

For they that once have gott the highest Staire
 Will keep them down that mount with too much hast,
 It's best (some say) to ryse but soft and fayre
 If thou would'st gaine thy Journey's end at last,
 Try not thy meanes by posting over fast ;
 Stirr like a *Dyall* unperceiv'd to move,
 Soe shalt thou gather *Strength* and purchase *Love*.

149.

And therefore they that fownd a *Family*
 Must gather *Wealth*, live under their *Estats*,
 Make great Pretences of *Humility*,
 Ally themselves with strong *Confederats*,
 Serve Great Mens *Turnes*, so to avoid their *Hates* ;
 For *Cerberus* with Hony Sopps was pleas'd,
 And *Malice* must with *Mildnes* be appeas'd.

150.

Then lett it be his Worke that next succeeds,
 To rayse himself unto a greater height
 By *Home-Impliments*, or by *Martiall Deeds*,
 Or by unloading some of that ritch Freight
 Which he hath stor'd perhaps with that conceit,
 Which he much better than the first may doe,
 Whose meanes he hath and adds his owne thereto.

151. Not

151.

Nor shall wee find such eager Opposition,
Tyme having worne out all his Father's Foes,
Or els perhaps altered their Disposition
By Guifts, by Favours, by obsequious Shewes,
Or ells perchance for feare of future Blowes :
And foe some few Discents from Heire to Heire
The Newnes of the Howse will varnishe faire.

152.

Where suddaine Greatnes ruyn'd *Garvessone*,
Whome I too much preferr'd before my *Peeres*,
Whoe did possesse me more then any one,
From whence grew many *Jelousies* and *Feares*,
Cloſe Diſcontentment, which at first appears
Of little moment, worthles of respect,
But prov'd such Scarrs as we did least expect.

153.

Yet 'tis the Praise and Blessinge of the *Sunne*,
To make his Heate and Light both generall ;
Princes are *Sunns*, and both must freely runn
An open Course, and not be severall
Unto some fewe, but common unto all :
The poorest he that breathes this Song may sing,
We all have Interest in the *Ayre* and *Kinge*.

154.

And this too much did speake my Passion,
Who like *pure Water* should have had no *Tast* ;
This Error did my Government misfashion,
That *Garvessone* unworthily was grac'd
And made too high a Monster, great and vast,
Who in his growth being unproportionall,
Became offensive to *himself* and *all*.

E 2

155. My

155.

My *Selfe*, my *Courte*, my *Realme* was rul'd by him;
 That neither knew to rule nor to obey;
 I car'd not though my *Peeres* did sinke or swim,
 Nor what my other *Councillors* did say,
 For he did steer my *Compassse* Night and Day:
 Whilst I being sunck in *Sinne* and drown'd in *Lust*,
 Had allmost wrackt the *Realme* with such a Gust.

156.

The *Court* within my Father's Life-time seem'd
 A *Senate House* of Silver-Headed *Sages*,
 Might now a pompous *Theater* be deem'd,
 Pester'd with *Panders*, *Players* and with *Pages*,
 Of my ensuing Fall too true Presages:
 And yett in Shew it seemed fairer far,
 So *Commets* glister more then any *Starr*.

157.

But (Oh) the Quiett of that happy Land,
 Where aged *Nestors* bear the chieftest sway,
 Where strength of *Mind* rules more then force of *Hand*,
 Where *Old Men* bidd and *Young Men* doe obey,
 Where Ages Winter guideth *Youthes* sweete *May*.
 But when the Foote or Hand comaunds the Head,
 The Body then is many waies misled.

158.

Lett Silver Haires and long experienc'd Age
 Be sole Directors of each Enterprize,
 Lett Youth be as an Actor on a Stage,
 To execute what stayder Heads devise;
 For Youth is active, Age discrete and wise:
 Youth is more daring, but precipitate;
 Age more judicial and considerate.

159. Yett

159.

Yet should not *Statesmen* be too aged Men,
For over Year'd, their Spirits much decay
They earthly grow and melancholy then,
Heavy and Dull, their Edge being worne away,
Wayward and tachy, wandering all the Day :
Full of Morosity, and which is worse,
Extreamly given to gripe, and fill the Purse.

160.

Besides wee see some Men are ripe betimes,
Like Summer Fruite, soone pleasing to the tast,
And if those Spirits in whome such Vertue shines
May be with Greatnes and Imployment grac'd,
They come to full Maturity at last,
Men of exceeding Worth are fully growne,
Both for their Contries good, and for their owne.

161.

But to my Selfe who did neglect my *Peeres*,
And onely did devote my Selfe to Pleasure,
Lov'd I? Love it selfe loves youthful Yeares,
Spent I? Kings should not be Slaves to Treasure
Heard I not Subjects Suits, I had noe leasure
Did I forbear my *Peeres* converse? What then?
Love is not tyde to fort Himselfe with Men.

162.

When they did say that *Scottishe Bruce* did burne
My *Northerne* Borders, and did wast the same ;
Then sitting I to *Garvestone* did turne
And say *Sweete Peirce* my Selfe feeles Fancies flame,
I saw, I love, I dy for such a Dame :
Cupid I feare, a *Bruce* to me will prove,
My *Holds* by him, my Heart is fired with Love.

E 3

163. Which

163

With theise and many more fantastick Toyes,
 I shifted off my Councell when they came,
 I have not Time enough to spend in Joyes,
 Why should I spend one Minute from the same?
 Lett them that list by Warris goe hunt for Fame,
 I force it not, give me those pleasing Warris,
 Where Blowes are given, but never Cause noe scars,

164.

But when a Feild is to a Feild-Bedd turn'd,
 When Eyes like sharpest Launces peirce, yet please,
 When morous Hearts with equal Flames are burn'd,
 When Foes sinck downe our Furies to appease,
 And Lipps on Lipps redouble Blowes of ease,
 When brave Assaults are not by Death controul'd,
 In such a Band who would not be inroul'd?

165.

The Roman Monster *Heliogabalus*,
 And Persian *Xerxes*, never fortunate,
 Might well be thought to Live againe in us,
 We priz'd our Pleasures at soe high a Rate;
 Such was our fadd and still succesles Fate,
 In Peace our *Faults* procured our decay,
 In Warr our *Fortunes* made us runn away.

166

The luckles Battailles fought while I did raigro,
 With *Robert Bruce*, that Noble *Englisb Scott*
 Sadd Monuments unto the World remaine,
 That vicious Life with Monarches thriveth not,
 For Sinn and Shame are ty'd in *Gordians* Knott,
 And those *Designes* doe prove succesles quite,
 That are contriv'd in Men drown'd in Delight.

167. Marke

167.

Marke but the Mapps of all Antiquity,
True *Registers*, unfalcify'd *Records*,
The Voyce of *Tyme*, which we call *History*;
And 'rwill be fownd that everie Age affords
Plenty of *Prooffes* to fortyfy my words:
Each *Leafe*, each *Lyne* doe pregnant *Wittnes* beare,
Who *Ryot* most, to *Ruine* are most neare.

168.

When *Sinn* did overflowe the *Deluge* came,
Th' *Affyrians* then did loose their *Monarchy*,
When their last King did live most out of frame,
And was o'erwhelm'd with *Sensuality*,
The *Persians* then did wrack their *Empery*,
When wealth and ease and lust did most abound,
Which allsoe did the *Romane* State confound.

169

The *Danes* did first sett footing in this Land,
Because Lord *Buerus* Wife was ravish't here;
The *Saxon* Forces gott the upperhand,
When *Vortigern* held *Hengists* Daughter deere,
And still our Realme to ruine hath bene nere,
When ripened *Sinn* hath gathered strongest head:
Soe Stall-fed *Steeres* are to the *Shambles* led.

170.

This *Edward* said, and this our Age hath seene,
Lyke instance of a nere confyning *State*,
Never was *Fraunce* more deadly sick of *Sinn*,
Never was *Goodnes* growne more out of date,
Never did *Princes* more preposterate
Their private *Lives* and publique regiment,
And as they Liv'd, soe Dy'd, impenitent.

171. Never

171.

Never *Religion* serv'd for more pretences,
 Never were *Nobles* more ambitious,
 Never like Inundations of Offences,
 Never were *Churchmen* lesse Religious,
 Never were *Commons* more seditious,
 Such plotting, counter plotting Pollicy,
 Such *Massacres*, such barbarous Cruelty.

172.

Such impious *Courses*, such Impunity,
 Were never seene, lesse Blushing and more Shame,
 Never had Sinn soe great imunity,
 Never was ever all soe out of *Frame*,
 As in the latter Times, till the fierce Flame,
 Of *Civill Fury* and the *Forraine Foe*,
 Had made poore *Fraunce* the Stage of tragique woe.

173.

And without doubt had not that Man of Men,
 The mightie *Atlas* of the sincking State
 Bene rais'd by God to give new Life, even then
 That famous Kingdome of soe antient date,
 By Home Ambition and by *Forraine Hate*,
 Had breath'd her last, being Sinn Sick unto Death,
 And much a doe there was to give her Breath.

174.

For still the Eye of Wrath doth overlooke
 The wicked Actions of obdurate Men:
 The Court of Heaven doth keepe a Tythinge Booke
 Wherein are entred all our Sinns, and when
 Our Score is full, lett's looke for Payment then:
 And Oh! what Prince, what *Common-wealth* can stand
 When God doth scourge it with a rigorous Hand.

175. And

175.

And let us make this use of their nere wrack,
 Forbeare to Sinn for feare of Punishment,
God is not Senseles though he seeme to slack,
 He respites us in Hope wee will Repent ;
 But use growes more the longer Debts are lent,
 And *God* forbeares, and beares with our abuse,
 That we might have lesse Colour of excuse,

176.

I could not chuse when I had yok'd my teame,
 But make this furrowe to enrich my Field,
 I now retorne to my intended *Theame*,
 And *Edward* wishes that is Raigne might yeild ;
 Fitt Precedents for Princes how to wield
 That weighty Province which they doe sustaine,
 And thus contynues his discourse again.

177.

When my cheife *Peeres* did see things mischanced,
 And those Mischances did impute to Sinne,
 My Sinn to *Him* whom I had so advanced,
 To Banishe him they then againe beginne ;
 And made my selfe to have a Hand therein,
 Therefore my Feare compell'd me thereunto,
 'Tis hard when *Princes* are inforc'd to doe.

178.

It is the cheifest Good of Kingly Raigne,
 That it is free from base Compelling Feare,
 And 'tis againe the Kingdomes cheifest bane,
 Not to admitt Wise Councell to the Eare ;
 Away with awe hold admonition deare,
Fears figure should never meete with *Kingly Eyes*,
 But on the Backs of Flying Enemyes.

179.

179:

But the Faire Lovely Picture of *Advice*,
Should still be placed in a *Princes* sight,
Thrice happy King, that are both Stout and Wise,
You scorne Controule, but sett not Councell light;
Not Feare, but Vertue moves you to doe Right:
Y^eare Kings indeede, and may securely rest,
Whilst Feares are Hatched in a Weaker Brest.

180.

Te Solum Vereor is a Princely Word,
Speaking to *him* that is Lord Paramount,
And Supream *Princes* foe should beare the Sword,
As but to him they neede give noe Account;
Which they shall doe, if as they doe surmount
In Greatnes, foe in Goodnes they excell,
'Tis certaine he Rules all that Governes well.

181.

And now doth see but the selfe Governor,
That his owne private Passions can Commaund,
Which make a *Slave* even of an *Emperour*,
If once they growe to gett the upper Hand;
And soone deepe searching Spritts will understand,
And finde a *Prince* that's weake, and Ride him foe,
That he must Pace as they will have him goe.

182.

Wherefore my *Selfe* may be a Precedent,
Who was foe overawed by my *Peeres*,
That *Gawestone* was doom'd to banishment,
And now my *Soule* full fraught with greife and feares,
Was in her motions *Restles* like the *Sphaeres*,
But not so fixt, now go he should, now should not,
soe *Wiceman* like, I would, and straight I would not.

183. Yet

183.

Yet ere he went (as goe he must and did,) *Deare Prince* (quoth he) wherein have I misdone,
That I am banish'd thus! doth *Edward* bid
His Poore, but yet his own Poore *Peirce* to shunn
His gracious sight? must I from *England* runn?
He bids, I must, Farwell, yet thinke on mee,
My Body goes, my Soule doth stay with thee.

184.

What were these Words to me but each a Wounde
Whereat my very Life Blood gushed out, (drown'd
I would have spoke, but Words with Teares were
Whilst giddy Passion whirld my Braine about;
Confusedly I spake: O doe not Doubte,
These Damned Peeres, it is not long of mee,
Though Bodie staies, yet goes my Soul with thee.

185.

(Mourne,

Mourne not sweete *Prince* (saith he) O doe not
Lett never Teares disgrace these gracefull Eyes,
Is't not enough that I am thus forborne?
Must Cares from me as Cloudes from Sea arise?
My Deare Deare *Liedge* lett it at last suffice,
That still you have the better Part of mee,
My Body they Command, my Soule is free.

186.

(my Hart,

Cease, Cease (*my Peirce*) thy Tongue doth Wound
I greive to see, because I see thy Greife,
Farwell, and yett methinke wee should not part,
And yett we must; well, this be thy Reliefe;
Thou bearest a Feild of Gold, a King in Chiefe,
But be thou *Ireland's Governour* for mee,
Would thou might'st stay, or I might goe with thee.

187. At

187.

At parting thus with Wanton Griefe we play'd,
 He went to Sea, and I to sorrowe went,
 And yett my Lustfull Heat was not allay'd,
 My Treasure that to *Gavestone* was sent;
 And was in Tryumphes mongst the *Irishe* spent,
 Who seemed greater then he did before,
 Soe Vines being cutt increase and thrive the more

188.

And there my *Peeres* in true Judgement faile,
 Soe to remove, not take him quite away,
 Who once retorning needs must seeke to quaille
 The aduerse Part that laboured his decay;
 Dead *Doggs* can neither Barke nor Byte (Men say)
 But angry *Currs* more fiercly still returne,
 And wronged Minds with greater fury Burne.

189

Better it is still to dissemble Hate,
 Then first to enter into discontent,
 And leave him great whom thou hast Edg'd of late,
 Who haveing meanes and sharpned in intent,
 May easely worck some Dangerous Event,
 Ether strike not, or ells be sure strike soe,
 That thou may neede to feare noe further Blowe.

190.

Besides they did the more exasperate,
 By opposition my intraged yre,
 And as for *Gavestone* whome they did hate,
 They did inflame me with a greater fyre;
 His absence setting Edge on my desire,
 For Princes kept from that they doe affect,
 Doe hurry to their Ends without respect.

191. What

191.

Whatever stopps the Current of a *Streame*,
Is swept away with furious violence,
Force being effectles gainst a stronge extreame,
But if one will with Labour and Expençe
Divert the *Course*, and turne the *Channell* thence,
'Tis possible that he in Tyme prevailes,
For *Art* doth compasse when *Resistance* failes.

192.

Philosophers do hold (and truly too)
That Lightning oft, the Sheath untoucht, the Blade
Consumes; the Reason why it doth foe doe,
Is, by the one there's small resistance made,
Being full of Poores, th'other hard to invade,
Doth sett it selfe against the Heavenly shott,
Which quick consumes because it pierceth not.

193.

I cannot fitt the awfull Wrath of *Kings*
More properly then to this wondrous Fyre,
Which once inflamed, confounds resisting things,
Breaks up the bounds that lymitt their desire,
And by depressing downe still mounteth higher:
Whereas stronge *Passion* borne with *Patience*,
Spends on it selfe, and *Dyes* without offence.

194.

My *Peeres* soone saw which Way the Hare did runn,
And therefore gave consent to his repeale,
Not *Cæsar* when *Pharsalia's* Feild he wonn,
Did Triumphe more then I when they did seale
And did Subscribe the Ruynes of our Weale:
Then all was Well, whilst all did well agree,
But all prov'd ill for all, and Worst to mee.

F

195. For

195.

For *Garvestone* after he did return,
 Of all my former Favours once possesse,
 His full fail'd Fortune held my *Peeres* in scorne,
 Nor could he any equall well digest;
 Oh! Foolishe Man; to swell above the rest!
 When Bubbles fullest blowne doe soonest breake,
 And Trees are ever at the topp most weake.

196.

Content doth seate it self in *Lowly Dales*,
 Out of the dynt of *Wind* and stormy *Showers*,
 There sitt and sing melodious *Nightingales*, (*Flowers*;
 There runn fresh cooling *Streames*, there spring sweet
 There Heat and Cold are fenc't by shady *Bowers*,
 There hath he Wealls at will, but this wee know,
 That *Grasse* is short that on the Hill doth grow.

197.

Oh! *Garvestone*! why dost thou then Aspire
 To be so Great, when *Greatnes* stands on *Ice*?
 If thou shouldst *Slipp* as now thy Pace is *Higher*,
 Then will thy *Fall* be greater; in a trice
 Hees down that stands on *Pinnacles*; be wise,
 Stand Low, stand Safe, but (O) I speake in vain,
 For Men will Mount, though sure to Stoope again

198.

How *Garvestone* the third time banished,
 Did live in *Dutch Land*, where he found noe Rest,
 How he return'd; how I as Famished,
 Did Feede on him, as on some Dainty Feast;
 How ill my *Peeres* his Presence did digest,
 I doe but touch it now, my Muse unfold,
 How till his *Fall*, he bare it Proud and Bold.

199. Supp

199.

Suppose him *Spleenfull, Melancholy, Madd,*
 And me in my *Aff. Etions Passionate,*
 Thinke him *Revengfull,* thinke me *doting madd,*
 Thinke how I *Low'd,* and thinke how he did *Hate;*
 And thinke him then thus to expostulate,
 Grieved with Precedent, fear'd by future Wrong,
 Thus did the *Syren* tune his *Banefull Song.*

200.

" O King, Noe King, but *Shaddow of a King,*
 " Nay doe not Frowne, but heare me what I say,
 " I speake in Zeale, though *Fatally I Sing,*
 " Thou opest a Gapp unto thine owne decay,
 " By suffering thy *Proud Peeres* to beare such Sway;
 " For looke how much they in their *Height* doe grow,
 " See much thy *Sunn* declynes and goes more low.

201.

" Thy *Waxeinge* is their *Wayne,* thy *Ebbe* their *Tyde,*
 " When they are *Strongest,* thou art *Weak* and *Faint,*
 " Turne everie Stone to quell their growing *Pride,*
 " It fitts not Kings to brooke the least *restraint;*
 " *Disgrace, Exile, Straight Durance, or Attaynt,*
 " Close *Practises* to bring them into *Hate,*
 " These are the *Meanes* to reasssure thy *State.*

202.

" Now thou art *King in Shew* but not in *Deed,*
 " The *Petty Pawnes* doe check and mate thee too,
 " All is revers'd that is by thee decreed,
 " They doe injoyne thee what thou hast to doe,
 " And what they will thou art compel'd unto;
 " But though thy *Pleasure* bend another way,
 " Yett things must passe as they are pleas'd to sway.

F 2

203. They

203.

" They have *Allies* to strengthen their Designs,
 " They back themselves with Strong *Confederats*,
 " Their seeming Zeale the Vulgar undermines,
 " The wiser sort for feare insinuates,
 " And soe they gaine Assurance of all Stats,
 " Some by the glosse of Faire Deportment, and
 " Some by a Hard and over Awing Hand.

204.

" Besides they raise Men that are Populer,
 " And by that meanes the Peoples Hearts they seale,
 " Themselves seeme just, their *Courses* regular,
 " They make *Pretences* for the Common Weale,
 " Of *Reformation*, of Religious Zeale ;
 " And by their Colours that they doe pretend,
 " They bring their *Complots* to Succesfull End.

205.

" But more then this, the *Wealth* of all the Land
 " Is in *their Hand* or else at their Dispose,
 " Whereby they have an absolute Commaund
 " Of many Lives, which are maintain'd by those
 " Great Bounties that from their Abundance flowes:
 " For they must needs remaine at their *Devotion*,
 " Who have from *them* their *Being* and their *Motion*.

206.

" These are the close *Consumptions* of the State,
 " Which by these *Antidotes* thou maist restore,
 " Be serv'd by such as thou hast rais'd of late,
 " Advance new *Creatures* of noe Note before,
 " And such as will *Depende* on thee therefore ;
 " For wanting *Meanes* except thou grace them still,
 " They must remayne obliged to thy Will.

207. " Let

207.

" Lett them be Stirring Spritts of *Ayre* and *Fire*,
 " Apt both to *Make* and to *Maintain* a *Faction*,
 " *Ambitious*, *Active*, *Hungry* to *Aspire*,
 " Not *Fool'd* with *Feare*, but apt for any *Action*,
 " *True* to their *Ends*, but *false* in *Faith* and *Paction*;
 " And such being grac'd and favoured by the *Tyme*.
 " Will in despite of spightfull *Fortune* clyme.

208.

" Whose growth thy *Peeres* will mallice and detest,
 " And seeke to stopp, which they not brooking well,
 " Will nourish mutuall *Hatred* in their *Brest*, (swell,
 " And *Ranckerous* *Envey*, then their *Soules* will
 " From whence *Revenge* and *Greedy Thirst* to quell,
 " The *Adverse Partie* cannot but proceed,
 " And sow *Confusion* to them all in deed.

209.

" Mean while thou underhand must *feede the Flame*,
 " And *Secretly* give *Heart* to either *Side*,
 " And which is *Weakest* leane thou to the same,
 " Whereby thou shall *Confounde* the *adverse Pride*;
 " And if thy *Doubling* chaunce to be espidé,
 " Maske it in *open Quarrell*, and be sure
 " To cut them off that may most *Hurt procure*.

210.

" This *Lesson* was by *Torquinn* well exprest,
 " When with his *Wand* he did behead those *Flowers*
 " That any way did *over growe* the rest,
 " As who should say be *Jealous* of *great Powers*,
 " And cutt them downe whose *State* nere equall ours;
 " For that same *Throane* is but a *Slippery Seate*,
 " That suffers any to be over *greate*.

F 3

211. " *Make*

211.

" *Make Penall Lawes* to cutt of their Retainers,
 " *Wrest* from them all their *Publiqua great Commaund*,
 " *Grace* them in *Shew*, but not to make them *Gainers*,
 " *Keepe* them *aloofe*, lett them not understand
 " The *Passages of State* at any hand,
 " Doe not committ thy *Forces* to their trust,
 " Least haveing minde th'ave *Meanes* to be unjust.

212.

(moved)

" Where 'ere they live, though they bee farr re
 " Yet lett them be *Survey'd* with *Carefull Eye*,
 " Such as are deare to them and nerely loved,
 " To whom their inward *Thoughts* most open lye
 " Winn them by *Guifts* and by *Close Policy*,
 " To serve thy *Turne* with true *Intelligence*,
 " Of any thing that may procure *Offence*.

213.

" If they *Commaund* doe thou not favour then,
 " Lett all *Advancements* be deriv'd from thee,
 " Soe shall thou weane from them the *Hearts of Men*
 " And they will onely thy *Dependants* bee;
 " For there Men *serve* where they *Preferment* see.
 " Lastly, what *Stratagem* thou dost intend,
 " Let *Showes of Vertue* colour still the end.

214.

" Theise are the *Baits* to fishe for wisest *Peeres*,
 " The *Younglings* may be caught with easy *Meanes*,
 " Lett *Syren Pleasure* bane their *Youthful Yeares*,
 " Lett *Lust*, *Expence*, and *Ryotous Extreames*,
 " To which their Age by course of Nature leans,
 " Lett *Followers*, *Chainge of Bewtye*, *Pompous Pride*
 " *Infect* their *Minds* and wrack their *State beside*.

215. Yet

215.

“ Yett if thou see a likely *growing Plant*,
“ Whose spreading Branches may in time prove great,
“ Lodge him at home, lett him *Employment* want;
“ And fruitless wither in his native Seate;
“ For Ease and Rest will chill his active Heate;
“ And call’d in Pleasure of a Selfe-delight,
“ Relinquish mounting Thoughts of Honour quite.

216.

“ But if his Tempter soare so high a pitch
“ As that his worcking Vertues must have vent,
“ Ingage him in some Action, by the which
“ His Harvest may be Death and Discontent,
“ Yett make a shewe to grace his hardiment
“ With highest Honours, and soe thrust him on
“ To such Attempts as Death still waits uppon.

217.

“ Which if he misse (as Heaven may blesse him soe)
“ Yett will the managing of such Designes
“ Afford fitt Matter for his Overthrow,
“ If that his Fortune any way declynes;
“ For commonly the vulgar sort repynes
“ Against all Actions that do want successe,
“ And in their Humours weigh the Agents lesse.

218.

“ And soe they lye more open to their Wrack
“ When they have once incurr’d a common Hate;
“ And then some faire Occasion cannot lack,
“ Either by Death to cancell their Lives Date,
“ Or at the least to weaken soe their State
“ As that the Prince need feare noe further Harme
“ That may proceede from their unjoynted Arme.

219. “ And

219.

" And having clear'd thy selfe of such, yet then,
 " That thou maist keepe thy *Majesty* and *State*,
 " Thou needs must *entertaine* some *Noble Men*,
 " But *Froath*, *Bubbles*, and full of idle *Prate*,
 " Who studdy *Fashions*, know their *Place*, scarce that,
 " All whose sweete *Worthes* are fetcht from Great
 " *Mens Tombs*,
 " And they themselves lesse worthy then their *Groomes*.

220.

" Let them discourse of *Kindred* and *Allyes*,
 " My *Uncle*, *Lord*, or *Earle*, or *Duke*, or *soe*;
 " Who liveing did *this* or *that* *Enterprize* ;
 " And tell how his great *Grandfyrer's* *Horse* did goe,
 " When he in *Fraunce* incountred with his *Foe*. (bee,
 " Grace these (sweete *Prince*) these thy *Court Commits*
 " And pray for them, they'le never prey on thee.

221.

" Thus must thy *Twiggs* be lym'd, thy *Netts* display'd
 " To catch these *Birds* that soare up to the *Sunn* ;
 " And when those wise *Fondations* once are lay'd
 " ('Tis almost ended that is well begunn)
 " Then art thou *King* indeed, then hast thou wonn
 " Unto thy selfe an *Absolute Estate* ;
 " Meanwhile thou liv'st but in a *Golden Gate*.

222.

Thus did this *Hellish Fury* cast the *Ball*
 Of *Discontent* betwixt mee and my *Peeres* ;
 Whose damned *Councell*, flowing from the *Gall*,
 Fill'd them with *Furies*, me with needles *Feares*,
 And sett us all together by the *Eares* :
 For straight to *Armes* they gott t'avenge this *Wrong*,
 And vow'd his *Head* should answer for his *Tongue*.

223.

223.

I wish'd the *Trees* were turn'd to *armed Troupes*,
 And all the *Boughes* were *Pikes* their Hearts to wound:
 All other *Birds* to'th Princely *Eagle* stoopes;
 The *Lyon* roares, the *Beasts* shake at the Sownd;
 Why should not I their dareing *Pride* confound
 That sawcily usurpe uppon my *Right*?
 But *Lyons* are not *Lyons*, wanting *Might*.

224.

But they did *strike* whilst that the *Steele* was *hott*,
 And still came on to seize upon the *Prey*.
 What should we doe? Complain it bootied not;
 Goe *leavy Men*, our Men did disobey;
 Sew for a *Truce*, they would not graunt a *Day*;
Submitt our selves, and foe some *Pity* crave;
 Me hurt they would not, *him* they would not save.

225.

That *Prince* indeed is to be held most wise
 Who by his *Vertues* doth his *State* secure:
 But hee's a *Foole* that meanes to tyranize,
 And doth not seeke by *Forces* to assure
 His owne *Designes*, for lett him be most sure,
 A *Prince* that's *weake*, and yet doth *Governe ill*,
 Is subject to a Thousand *Dangers* still.

226.

Nothing remain'd but *Flight*, and *fly* we did:
 See silly *Doves* before proud *Falcons* fly;
 Till *Garvstone* in *Scarborough Castle* hidd,
 My *Pierce* surpriz'd, whome *Warwicks Earle* *Sir Guy*
Beauchampe, *Beheaded*, foe my *Pierce* did dye:
 A *Gloomy Night* concluded his *Faire Morne*,
 And *Fortunes* *Minion* ended *Fortunes* *Scorne*.

Canto 2:

CANTO II.

The ARGUMENT.

The Happiness that attends a Retired and Private Life; The Spencers succeed Gavestone, grow Proud and Ambitious, which Occasions the Discontent and Disaffection of the Nobility. A Famine and a Plague in England; A Counterfeit Edward which occasions a Digression concerning Prophecy and Magick. Reasons for Kings Commanding their Armies in Person and Rewarding the Good Services of their Ministers. Mortimer's Familiarity with the Queen describ'd. The Barons rebell, the King gets the Victory and takes a great many of them who were Beheaded in several Parts of the Kingdom.

I.

OH! what is Honour but an Exhalation,
 A Fiery Meteor soone exting and gone,
 A Breath of People and the Tongues relation
 That straight is ended, when the Voice is done;
 A Morning Dewe dry'd up with Midday Sunn,
 A ceasing Swete like Danaes Golden Shower,
 Which both Began and Ended in an Hower.

2. There

2.

There breeds a little Beast by *Nilus Streames*,
 Which being Borne when *Phæbus* first doth rise,
 Growes Old when he reflects his hottest Beames,
 And when at Night to *Westerne Seas* he hies,
 Then Life begins to faile and straight he Dyes;
 Borne, Old, and Dead, and all but in a Day,
 Such *Honour* is, soe soone it weares away.

3.

How much more Happy is that sweete *Estate*,
 That neither *creepes too Low* nor *soares too High*,
 Which yeilds no matter to *Contempt* or *Hate*,
 Which others not *Disdayne* nor yett *Envy*,
 Which neither does nor takes an Injury;
 But liveing to it selfe in *Sweet Content*,
 Is neither *sordid* nor yett *insolent*.

4.

He lives indeed, and spends his course of *Tyme*
 In truest *Pleasure*, that his Life can yield,
 He hath sett Houres to *Pray*, at Even and Pryme,
 He walkes abroad into his quiett Feilde
 And studdyes how his Home-Affaires to wield,
 His Soule and Body make one *Common wealth*,
 His Councell cares to keepe them both in Health.

5.

He feares noe *Poyson* in his *Meats* or *Drincks*,
 He needs noe *Guard* to watch about his Bedd,
 Noe treacher undermines him what he thinks,
 Noe *Dangerous Projects* hammer in his Head;
 He sits and sees how Things are managed,
 And by observing what hath earst bene don,
 He levells oft how Future things will runn.

6. If

6.

If he would deale with *Kings* and *Mighty Men*,
 He doth converse with them in *History* ;
 If he would know the *Heavenly Motions*, then
 He takes his *Globe*, he reads *Astronomy* ;
 His *Mapps* and *Cards* doe teach *Cosmography* ;
 And whilst in his *Selfe-Cell* he studying stands,
 In one short *Houre* he views both *Sea* and *Lands*.

7.

And tyr'd perhaps with the discovery,
 Of *Forraine Things*, he comes more nearer *Home*,
 He lookes into *himselfe* with curious *Eye*,
 That *little World* that is indeed his owne,
 He *Travailes* in, which being truly knowne,
 Affords enough for *Wonder* and *Delight*,
 When he hath *Learn'd* to know *himselfe* aright.

8.

The Earle of *Cornewell* (*Cancer* of the *Warr*)
 Thus being *Dead*, they laid their *Weapons* downe,
 Protesting all they would not goe soe farr,
 As to be thought *Disloyall* to the *Crowne* ;
 But they did seeke the *Realms* and *my Renowne*,
 Which was eclips'd in him whome they had slaine,
 But *England's Sphere* would now grow cleare again.

9.

(Sphere)

Oh noe, Darke Clouds still Shaddowed *England*
 And bitter Stormes in Gloomy Clouds dependant,
 Unfortunate and Fatall everie Yeare,
 Whilst happleſs *Edward* was Chief Lord *Ascendant* ;
 Malignant Starrs were still on me attendant,
 Though at my Birth *Jove* smil'd with Sweet *Aspect*
 Yett froward *Saturne* did my *Life* direct.

10. F

10.

For though distast'd *Garvstone* was dead,
 Yet *Edward* liv'd, and liv'd to further Ill;
 For still I was by my Affections ledd,
 I will'd not *Law*, yett had noe *Law* but *Will*;
 My *Peeres* disgrac'd, my *Commons* griev'd still;
 The *Spencers* they succeeded *Garvestone*,
 All chang'd for worse and worse, Two Ills for One.

11.

Theise *Spencers* now the Subject of my Song,
 Descended of a Race of good Esteeme;
 The elder *Hugh* the Father lived long
 In great Accompt, and happy Daies had seene,
 Till his *Ambitious Sonne* did overweene,
 Whose Greatnes caus'd the Father to aspire,
 And at the last did wrack both Sonne and Syer.

12.

Oh! what hast thou to do (*Old Man*) at Court?
 Thy Bookes and Beads had better beene for thee,
 Live still retyr'd, and doe not now resort
 To stormy Tempest; *Age* doth ill agree
 With great *Concourse* and vulgar *Mutiny*;
 It rather craves Immunity and Rest,
 And *Peaceful Ease*, with Tumults not distrest.

13.

(Gout,

Whose Joynts being rack'd and tortur'd with the
 Can scarce endure the stirring of a Strawe,
 Who being unweildy must be borne about,
 Whose Golden Ewer is crackt with many a Flaw,
 Who hath noe Grinders left in either Jaw, (tremble;
 Whose strong Men bow, whose Keepers shake and
 Whose meager Looks pale Death doth most resemble.

G

14. But

14.

But this *Ambition* is a boiling ill,
Honor doth make dead *Synders* glow againe,
 What aged one soe great but by his Will
 Would faine grow greater? Age doth still retaine
 Two Humours, Hope of Lyfe, Desire of Gayne:
 And this was that which made old *Spencer* clyme
 When he had past the *Autumne* of his Tyme.

• 15.

The younger *Hugh* (the Sonne of this old Man)
 Was of an active Spritt and able Brayne,
 Who with the *Barrons* at the first begann
 To syde himselfe, they favouring him againe,
 For *Garvestone* made him *Lord Chamberlaine*,
 That he in Place so nere about the King,
 Might alwaies serve their turne in everie thing.

16.

Thinking because he was by them prefer'd,
 He still would cleave to them in their Designes;
 But, ill-advised Men, herein they er'd,
 A swelling Spritt hates him by whome he clymes,
 As *Ivy* kills the Tree whereon it twines:
 Soe ryding Men, when they are seated high,
 Spurne at the Meanes that first they mounted by.

17.

Because they thinke such Favours challenge still
 An equall correspondency of Love,
 Which tyes them to be plyant to their Will;
 And as the lowest *Spheares* by those above
 Are whirl'd about, so they by theise must move;
 In all Attempts still way'd by their Direction,
 And soe noe end nor measure of Subjection.

18. And

18.

And such well mettled Men cannot digest
To be obsequious to another's minde;
Their worcking Spiritts will not lett them rest
Till those precedent Bonds which did them bind
By Opposition are againe untwin'd;
And such an open Rupture doth restore
Their Libertie, which was ingag'd before.

19.

And Greatnes holds it needfull Pollicy
To ridd his Hands of them that did it raise,
By entring into open Enmity,
And soe to cut them off without delayes;
Theise were and are the Courses of our Daies,
Who list observe both old and moderne Times
Shall finde I write noe *Fables*, though some *Rymes*.

20.

I will not touch Particulers at all,
I play the Ball but others marke the Chase,
The *Spencers* doe my wandring *Muse* recall,
Who being nere the *King* in Chiefest Place
Did heap up much, and that in little space:
For all things had from them their passage then,
Who turn'd to *Gold* all Matters and all Men.

21.

The chiefest *Peeres* were underhand kept downe,
The *Mynions* of the King gott everie Place;
Though *Edward* had, yett *Spencers* rul'd the *Crowne*;
And being both made *Earles* in highest Place,
They built, they bought, they rais'd, they did deface
Whome, what they would, such was their powerfull
And suddaine Greatnes growes too soon unjust. (Lust,

G. 2.

22. Espe-

22.

Especially if like a *Moale* it worcks
 Onely in Earth, how greedy's such a Man ?
 How closely he in covert silence lurcks
 To compasse a whole Countrey if he can ?
 Still griping all that come within his Spann :
 What Wealth, Wit, Friends, Force can do good or ill
 Shall, must be practis'd for to please his Will.

23.

The *Prince's* Favours doe for *Pulleys* serve
 To draw on Men to be at his Commaund,
 Even Seates of Judgement shall from Justice swerve
 If they may bring a little to his Hand ;
 And if some Reverend Fathers shall withstand
 Then weede them out, they will not serve the turne,
 Such Men are fit for *Martyres*, lett them burne.

24.

His *Agents* must be of another Mould,
 Sharpe, *Eagle-fighted* into Mens Estate,
 Plyant to doe what e're their Master would ;
 Close, cunning to dissemble, love or hate ;
 Well-spoken, powerfull to insinuate ;
 Seemingly honest, outwardly precise,
 By which they may their close Complotts disguise.

25.

Theise are like Pipes of Lead that doe convey
 Those Practises that from their Head doe spring,
 And soe theise Seconds come to beare great sway,
 Are begg'd and croocht unto for feare they sting ;
 Theise buy and begg, and raise and wring
Farmer, Esquire, Knight and Baron too,
 And *Prince*, and all with whome they have to doe.

26. And

26.

And this indeed was the most dangerous Rock
Whereon I split, and soe at last did drowne ;
This was mine Error, this the Stumbling Block
At which I fell and cast my Fortunes downe,
This lost my Peoples *Hearts*, and that my *Crowne* ;
My *Mynions* Rapine and unjust Oppression,
And my too much indulgent Indiscretion.

27.

My *Peeres* were malecontent being unrespected,
My *Captaines* mutined for want of Pay,
My *Court* with all Licentiousness infected,
My *People* poore, with Taxes par'd away,
And apt for Innovation every Day,
All out of joynt, dejected and dismay'd,
Onely the *Spencers* and their *Consorts* sway'd.

28.

I soule, they bought, I wasted, they did thrive,
They had abundance, I was indigent,
They suck the Honey, myne they ransack'd Hyve,
Which made them grow bold, tart and insolent,
And thereby caus'd a common Discontent ;
Of all whose *Crymes* I did incurr the Blame,
Because my Heate gave Life unto the same.

29.

Princes, attend (for I do speake in Zeale)
'Tis not enough that you your selves are just,
But you must looke into the *Common-weale*,
And see that those whom you doe putt in Trust
Doe governe by the *Law*, not by their *Lust* :
For he indeed the Wrong doth perpetrate,
That may redresse, yett doth it tolerate.

G 3

30. And

30.

And soe you make their Wickednes your owne,
 By suffering them to sin without controule,
 But lett no *Widdowes Teares* bedew your *Throane*,
 Nor *Poor Mens Sithes* sent from a grieved Soule,
 Nor *Orphans Prayers* which Heaven doth still inroule,
 Nor common Curses caus'd by publique Grievance,
 Draw Judgments down on you for their Mischeivance.

31.

Kings must use some, and may chuse of the best,
 But lett them still remember what Men are,
 Lett not all Lawes be lockt up in one Brest,
 Lett not one onely Censure make or mar;
 For Men have Passions which oft strayne them far;
 The most see least, few best, but none sees all;
 Who hath not, doth, who doth not, yet may fall.

32.

I do not barke against *Authority*,
 My Heart did never lodge unreverent Thought,
 Heaven knowes how I adore just Sovereignty,
 How oft my Soule with up-heav'd Hand hath sought
 Unto that God whose pretious Bloud was bought,
 For our *Right Vertuous King*, this Peaceful State,
 And all those Powers he doth subordinate.

33.

Oh if one Beame of thy resplendent Light,
 Most faire all-gladding Sun, chance to discend
 Upon these short Abridgements which I write,
 Lett no conceit thy sacred selfe offend,
 For they were chiefly moulded to this End,
 To shew how much our selves obliged stand
 For these good Times that now doe blesse our Land.

34. Which

34.

Which by Collection of those wretched Daies,
Appeare more full of Comfort and Content,
But I goe on : *Muse* keepe the beaten waies,
Whilst *Spencers* rul'd with Common Discontent ;
Even *God* himselfe inflicted Punishment
Upon the *Prince*, the *People* and the *Land*,
Who felt the Waight of his afflicting Hand.

35.

The *Prince* himself was full of diffidence,
And thought to strengthen partiality,
The Lords not brooking *Spencers* insolence,
Did *League* themselves with strong Formality ;
The Best were Guilty of Neutrality,
The vulgar Sort was tyded up and downe
As *Fortune* list to Favour or to Frowne.

36.

The *Earth* her selfe, as sorrowing for our Sinns,
Or weary of her fowle Misgoverment,
Grew out of Heart, and Barren straight becomes,
Not yeilding Man sufficient to be spent,
But seem'd to dropp away with languishment ;
Soe may wee see how *God* unfructifyes,
A Fruitfull Land for Mens impieties.

37.

The *lowring Heavens* did seem to raine downe Tears
As if they wept to washe the sinfull Earth ;
Infections, Foggs and gloomy Clouds appeares,
Which choake the groath of things in their first Birth,
Heaven, *Earth* and all conspir'd to make a *Deearth*.
Oh see when *God* takes Armes against a *Land*
He can inrowle all Creatures in his Band.

38. Great,

38.

Great was the Want of that unhappy Tyme,
 The Earth not yielding her accustom'd Store;
 And that which was, whilst greedy Men purloyne
 And hoard it up they make the Famyne more,
 Grinding thereby the Faces of the Poore;
 As if God's heavy Hand were too too light,
 Unless even Man should study Man's despight.

39.

Such Men are *Traitors* unto *Nature's Law*,
 And doe conspire against the *Common Good*,
 They wring the Bread out of the poore Mens Jaw,
 Whose weary Soule doth starve for want of Food:
 But without doubt *God* will require their Bloud,
 Their Guiltless Bloud which from the Earth shall crye,
 And begg Revenge of him that is Most Highe.

40.

If that one Sparke of Grace in them did dwell,
 Did they respect Humane Society,
 Had th'any Hope of Heaven or Feare of Hell,
 Or any little Sence of Piety,
 Did they in Heart conceive a *Deity*,
 And that most *Just*, most *Wise*, most *Powerfull* too,
 They would forbear what *God* forbids to doe.

41.

But neither Feare of *God* nor Love of *Men*,
 Nor just *Compassion* of a Publique Ill
 Can worcke upon their *Brawney Hearts*, and then
 Coercive Meanes must force a stubborne Will,
 Els they'll be hard'ned in their *Malice* still;
 For oftentimes wee see where *Nature* failes,
Law interposes and indeed prevailes.

42. The

42.

The ancient *Romane State* in its chiefe Pride,
 When it was govern'd with much sound Advice,
 Had *Leges Frumentaria's* to provide
 That Graine should not grow to too high a Price;
 Our Times such *Lawes*, our Lawes need such *Advice*,
 Since Men are growne soe monstrous in their Kind,
 We must like Monsters them inclose and bind.

43.

Merhinks this Sinn hath in't some tast of Bloud,
 And what if *Draco's* Lawes did match this Sinn,
 Which is not onely opposite to Good,
 As all Offences whatsoever bene,
 But doth alsoe infringe the common Kinn
 Wherewith one Soule is linckt unto another,
 As several Sonnes descended of one Mother.

44.

But (Oh) what Times are theise wherein we live!
 In which we neither can endure the Soare
 Nor yet the Salve, the Causes why we greive
 Nor yett the Meanes which should our State restore.
 Once *Pharaoh's* Kyne which were but leane and poore
 Devour'd the Fatt, those Times are altered cleane,
 For now (we see) the Fatt devours the Leane.

45.

But whilst impatient Hunger did constrain
 The vulgar sort to eat unhealthy Food,
 A great *Mortality* began to raigne,
 Spilling too much (but most *Plebeian*) Blood;
 And after *Dearth* came *Death* with angry Mood:
 Loe, wretched Man, how Woes come still in grosse;
 And after one succeeds a second Crosse.

46. When

46.

When God severely scourgeth any Land,
 He seconds *Plagues* to *Plagues* and *Woes* to *Woes*,
 He taketh his *Three Stringed Whip* in Hand,
 Of *Dearth*, of *Death*, of *Home* or *Forraine Foes*,
 And from these *Three* all *Desolation* growes.
 What true Content, what Rest to Man remains,
 When *Ills* by *Ounces*, *Good* scarce comes by *Graines*?

47.

And to encrease the Current of my Care,
 A slavish Groome (*John Peydrar* was his Name,
 Borne in the West at *Exeter*) did dare
 To brute abroad that he from *Long Shanks* came,
 And I a Changeling (but suppos'd the same)
 That he in truth was lawfull *Edward's Sonne*,
 And by a *Nurse* this Treachery was donne.

48.

But afterwards of this Untruth convicted,
 He did confesse that he was mov'd to that
 By those *Fowle Arts* that God hath interdicted,
 And by a *Spritt* in likeness of a *Catt*,
 Who did assure him by his damned Platt
 He should unto the *Soveraignty* attaine;
 But *Hanging* did indeed prevent his *Raigne*.

49.

Here give me leave a little while to dwell
 Upon the Nature of this Accident,
 First I observe the *Devil* cannot foretell
 Before things come what will be their Event,
 If that they be properly contingent;
 That is, that may be and not be as well,
 And such no *Devill* nor *Spritt* can foretell.

50.

All *future things* that have or may be told,
Are in *themselves* or by their *Causes* known,
Things in themselves *God* onely can unfold:
And yett sometimes he doth impart his owne
And proper Knowledge of such things to come,
Unto such *Agents* as he list inspire,
With some small Sparks of his most heavenly fire.

51.

Such were the *Holy Prophetts* in their daies,
Who onely by the infusion of his Grace,
Foretold strainge things, such likewise did he raise,
At several times even from the *Gentiles Race*,
And in that *Ranck* some doe the *Sybills* place.
Whoe by the glymmering of his Glorious Light,
Of things to come did oft Divine aright.

52.

Theise things that by their *Causes* are conceiv'd,
Doe either follow of *Necessity*,
Therefore in them even Men are not deceav'd,
Or grounded els on *Probability*,
Or they doe hitt by mere *Contingency*;
The first the *Devills* most certainly conceive,
At the *Second*, in the *Last* deceive.

53:

And yett because of long *Experience*,
And by their wondrous *Knowledge* in all *Arts*,
And since noe *Earthly* substance dims their sense
And by their speedy motion, which imparts
present *Knowledge* from the farthest Parts;
graunt they fully comprehend those things
Which unto us great *Admiration* brings.

54. But

54.

But when the *things* are soe in truth conceal'd
 That neither *Causes* nor th *Effects* appeare,
 Then those Occurrents are by *them* reveal'd,
 In such a sort as *Double Sence* will beare
 Alwaies *Ambiguous*, *Cloudy*, never *Cleare* ;
 And such were those same *Oracles* of old,
 Which were by *Phebus*, and by *Hammon* told.

55.

I will be noe Retailer of such *Wares*,
 For they are Cheape and Common unto all,
 But I *observe* what comes to such *Mens shares*,
 I *Note* the *Fearfull Judgements* that doe fall
 Upon such *Artists* as doe use to call:
 Which both the auntient *Annalls* doe record,
 And moderne *Storyes* of our *Tymes* afford.

56.

Some *Burnt* with *Fyre*, as *Zoroastres* was,
 And some the *Earth* did swallow up alive,
 As *Amphiraus* when that he did passe
 To *Thebes*, some their owne *Spritts* did deprive
 Of *Breath*, and soe *Pope Benedict* did thrive,
 The *Ninth* of that same *Name*, whose *Vitall Line*
 The *Devill* himselfe by strangling did untwine.

57.

Nicephorus and soe *Abdias* tells
 How *Symon Magus* flying in the ayre,
 By *Magick Charmes*, and by *Inchanting Spells*,
 Fell downe and broke his *Bones* at *Peter's Prayer*,
 And soe he dy'de in *Horror* and *Dispire*.
Oh God! how farr thy *Hand* is stretched out,
 To poure downe *Vengance* to this *Damned Rout*,

58. B

Canto 2. K. EDWARD II.

58.

But to revert from whence I did digresse,
Besides this common Influence of Ill,
Those *Warrs* I undertooke God did not Bless,
But ever more they were Succesles still,
Because I fail'd both in *Advice* and *Skill*,
And being *manag'd* without due Respect,
How could their *Ends* but sort to such effect.

59.

Most true it is, a power of Fearful Harts,
That by a *Princely Lyon* is but ledd,
Shall in the Field exployte more Glorious Parts
Then armed *Lions* with a Hart their Head,
For *Warrs* doe thrive as they are managed,
And in the streame of Action sound *Advice*
Prevayles as much as doth bold Enterprice.

60.

A *Shipp* well Man'd, well Vict'led, Tackled well,
Without a *Skillfull Pilot* steere the same,
Doth in that *Watry World* in Danger dwell,
Like what the *Pilott* is to that Huge Frame,
So Armed *Troopes* the *Captaine* is the same;
Who wanting either *Courage* or *Forefight*,
Loses himselfe and all his *Army* quite.

61.

And hence as I conceive it doth proceed
That excellent *Commanders* are most rare,
Because they must be very *Wise* indeed
To take the least Advantages that are,
And very *Valiant* in attempt to dare;
And (Oh)! how seldome meete in one these twaine,
Lyon's Heart joyn'd with a *Foxe's* Braine.

H

62. *Troy*

62.

Troy only storyes forth one *Hector's* Fame,
 One *Alexander* name of Great did meritt,
 One *Hanniball* from *Carthage* onely came,
 And but one *Pirrhus* *Epire* did inheritt;
 Soe sparing are the *Heavens* of such a *Spiritt*,
 That noe one *Clymat* hath produced many,
 And many one hath scarce bene blest with any.

63.

The *Theban State* noe Greatnes did attaine
 But onely in *Epaminondas* Tyme,
 Who being Dead, it did grow weake againe,
 He was the *Sunn* that lightned all that Clime,
 His *Setting* was their Fall, his *Rise* their Prime;
 Before inglorious, after of noe Name,
 Such powerfull Vertue from their *Chieftaine* came.

64.

Therefore lett *Princes* labour to attaine
 The art of Warr by all the means they can,
 Because it doth inable him to Raigne,
 And makes him greater than a private man
 That often hath the *Supreame* Tytle wonn
 Of sole *Commander*, which who doth possesse,
 Is scarce a *Prince*, and yett but little lesse.

65.

To have such Troops of Soldiers at Command
 To have such store of Wealth which Men affect,
 To have such potent meanes by Sea or Land,
 To execute what e're they would effect,
 To be observ'd with Duty and Respect
 By forraine *Stats* and home dependency,
 Are *Shaddomes* at the least of *Soveraignty*.

66.

66.

And he that oft hath tasted that Delight
 Wherewith such powerful Grearnes doth bewitch,
 Methinks can hardly humble soe his Spritt
 As not to think himself above the pitch
 Of common Men ; more eager is the Itch
 To mount the topp of one that's up halfe way,
 Then his that still at lowest Step doth stay.

67.

Therefore in truth I doe not jumpe with those
 Who thinke the *Prince* for conduct of the Field,
 Should both *himselfe* and *Commonwealth* repose
 Upon some *Chieftaine*, whilst himselfe doth wield
 The Home Affaires, which more Assurance yield ;
 In shew I grant, but weighing everie thing,
 Such *seeming Safeties* certaine *Dainger* bring.

68.

For if *Ambition* seize upon the Soul,
 As'tis a Passion apt to entertaine,
 And once possiest noe just Respects controule,
 I would advise the *Prince* that then doth raigne
 To doubt the Event ; 'tis worser to complaine
 Then to be complain'd of, who doth not knowe
 How many *Kings* have bene uncrowned see.

69.

This was the *Rock* that wrackt great *Meron's* Lyne,
 And brought the *Crowne* of *France* to *Martell's* Race,
 For *Childrick* was forced to resigne
 To *Pepin*, *Martill's* Son, his Kingly Place ;
 And soe likewise *Hugh Chappett* did displace
 The Lyne of *Pepin*, and advanc't his owne,
 Because in *Warr* his *Worth* was greater knowne.

H 2

70. A

70.

A *Subject* may in Shape his *Prince* excell,
 A *Subject* may more then his *Soveraigne* know,
 Either in *Arts*, or in *Discoursing* well,
 He may be *stronger* to unhorse his *Foe*,
 And yett noe *Danger* to the *Scepter* foe :
 But if in *Armes* the *Subject* growes too great,
 The *Prince* may chauce to sit besides his *Seate*.

71.

Therefore the *Prince* whose *Forces* and whose *Armes*
 By other then *himselfe* commaunded bin,
 Must, for prevention of *ambitious* Harmes,
 Have many *Captaines* to imploy therein ;
 Soe shall no one be able for to winn
 So strong a *Party* but another may
 Serve for a *Helpe* to be crost in his way.

72.

And is there then no *Cement* for to joyne
 The *Prince* and *powerfull Peere* so close, so fast,
 As thou shalt not suspect, nor others clyme ?
 Or is the *State* of things soe strangely plac't,
 That Men cannot be good with *Greatnes* grac't ?
 Must *Princes* feare the *Noblest Vertues* still,
 Or must a *Subject* use such *Vertues* ill ?

73.

Oh noe ! such *Minds* the *Glosse* of *Vertue* beares,
 But noe *essentiall parts* of *her* partake ;
 A *Kingly Nature* cannot nourishe *Feares*,
 And *Vertuous Soules* love Good for *Goodnes sake*,
 And onely that their *Actions* ayme to make ;
 Where such as *borrow Vertues* for a *Tyme*
 Are dangerous Men, and very apt to clyme.

74. Espe.

74.

Especially if their Designements bend
To *Compassse* that which we *Dependance* call,
If all their Actions leuell at that end
To endear themselves unto the *Generall* ;
Oh they are easy drawne to throw att all,
When they have gott the *Dice* into their hand
By haveing often *Conduet* and *Command*.

75.

The *Antidote* for *Princes* to preserve
Their *States* ungangred from such poynsous Plotts;
Is onely *Iustice*, which who doth observe
In all *Designes*, to Men of all *Estates* ;
And is not sway'd with *Feares*, *Loves*, *Hopes*, or *Hates*;
Or any *Passion*, but goes evenly on,
That *Prince* is wise that soe secures his *Throne*.

76.

Lett all the *Pollitiques* that breath this Day,
Rack their *Conceits* until they breake their Braine,
They never shall invent a better way,
Whereby a *Prince* may with assurance raigne,
Then to be truly *Iust* and to retaine
An even *Proportion Arithmetically*,
Which giveth *Equall Justice* unto all.

77.

This is the *Mother* both of *Love* and *Fear*,
This doth ingender *Duty* and *Desire*,
This doth the *Prince* from all *Suspicion* cleare,
Because it doth cutt off the meanes t'aspire,
This distributs to all deserved hire ;
Whereby the *Subject* haveing his *just due*,
Remaines *Contented* and *Contented true*.

H 3

78 And

78.

And you great Starrs whose powerfull Influence
 May worck foe much, be not irregular,
 Move fairely in your Orbs without offence,
 Be Nobles truly and not titular;
 But soft my Muse, how apt art thou to err,
 From thy first Path? returne and make it plaine,
 That Armes are safest for a Soueraigne.

79.

Not onely to prevent aspiring harmes.
 Would I have Kings Commanders of their owne;
 But chiefly would I have them practize Armes.
 That their brave Spritts may be the better showne,
 And have more vent, to make their Vertues knowne
 For Greatnes doth much in Oppinion rest,
 And that's maintain'd by being in Action best.

80.

Besides 'tis certaine all Men wish to serve,
 Rather in Princes Eye, then by the Eare,
 Nothing inflames the Soule more to deserve,
 More quickens Honor, more abandons Feare,
 Then when the Prince in presence doth appeare.
 To check the Coward, and with praise and meritt
 To grace the Actions of the Gallant Spiritt.

81.

This of all Causes that I can conceive
 Made Alexander Monarch of the East,
 It is a mighty Motive not to leave
 Their Soueraigne Prince in Danger or Distresse;
 Ill thrive they here on Earth, in Heaven unblest,
 That think not foe, and grant, Oh dearest Lord!
 That Men and Angells to my Prayers accord.

82. W

82.

Wife was that *State* and very well advis'd,
 Whose Forces being often putt to Flight,
 Still finding bad Successe, at last devis'd
 To bring the *Infant Prince* into the Fight,
 Even in his *Cradle*, that his very sight (true,
 Might give them greater Edge, which prov'd most
 For they did Fight, and Fighting did subdue.

83.

Besides those under *Officers* that are
 Imploi'd according to each severall place,
 Will with more Faith and more Respective Care
 Intend their *Charge* before their *Princes* Face,
 Soe to avoid both Danger and Disgrace;
 And the Common Soldier serveth best,
 When hee's Respected most and Fleeced least.

84.

And though I know Examples doe not prove,
 Yett is the State of things not soe confounded
 But that those selfe-same Motives still may move,
 On which their Resolutions then were Grounded;
 Therefore since *Norman William* first was Crowned,
 Who list survey our Kings cannot but yield
 Their States thriv'd best who most did keepe the Field.

85.

Yett if the *Prince* by Age disabled bee,
 Or otherwise by any like defect,
 Or if the *Sex* with Armes doe not agree,
 Then lett them make fitt choise with much Respect;
 Of Men of greatest Virtue to direct
 Their *Martiall Forces*, and the more they traine
 In such Designs, the safer is their *Raigne*.

86. Because

86.

Because that *Prince* with more assurance lives,
That doth rely on many then on one,
For nothing sooner apt Occasion gives
To swelling Spiritts for to worck uppon,
Then if they often have *Command* alone ;
Especially if Men doe hold them such,
As without them the State cannot doe much.

87.

Besides it causeth Envy on all Parts,
Many malignant Humours will be bred,
If that the *Prince* all powerfullnes imparts
Solely to one, which eavenly quartered ;
Setts many Spiritts on worck, and all are *Fed*,
At least with *Hopes*, which ells perhaps might fall
To practise, if one hand ingrossed all.

88.

Nor would I have the *Prince* to nourish *Fear*
Or *Jealousies* of such as well deserve,
But lett them make and keepe great *Spiritts* theirs,
And lett their *Favours* and their *Bounties* serve
As *Chaines* to bind them that they doe not swerve
From *Loyall Duty*, stronger is that ty,
Then *Cruell Practise* or fowle *Cruelty*.

89.

And since they must have *Agents* of their will
For execution of their Enterprises,
Or be themselves ingag'd in Action still,
Lett not ungrounded *Fear*, and false *Surmises*
Unapt their Meanes and crosse their owne *Devises*,
For who suspects when noe *Cause* doth appeare,
Doth give a *Cause* to that which he doth *Feare*.

90. So

90.

Soe *Commodus* and *Bassianus* soe
 (Two Princes of a most distrustfull Braine)
 Did Spinn the Thred of their owne Overtthrow
 By *Diffidence* which they did entertaine
 And were the meanes that they themselves were slayne.
 By their most deare *Privadoes*: their False feare
 Making them Guilty that before were Cleare.

91.

Whereas the Man that may in Peace possesse
 The happy Blessinge of a private State,
 Yett prostitutes himself to Wretchednes,
 To care of Mind, to Bodies Toyle, to Hate
 Of *Envy*, to the violence of State,
 To ratchey Times, to Daingers imminent,
 If Vertue finds noe Grace but Discontent.

92.

Therefore lett *Princes* weigh their *Servants* meritts;
 And grace them most that have deserved best,
 Soe shall Respected Vertue raise new Spiritts,
 And everie Noble Heart and Gentle Brest
 Will Boyle with Zeale which will not lett them Rest
 Till they have rob'd of Bloud each severall Vein,
 To doe due Service to their Soveraine.

93.

But if the Prince too much distrustfull bee,
 Sad, Sower and of a Melancholy Minde,
 Hard of Accessse, Close Handed, nothing Free,
 To best Deservers ever most unkinde;
 Lett such an one assure himselfe to finde
 False Hearts and Feeble Hands, and Retaine Hate,
 If any Danger threatens his Estate.

94. Be side

94.

Besides the foule defaceing of his Glory,
 And the remembrance of his liveing Shame,
 Which will Recorded be in every Story,
 And every *Annall* will report the same,
 And Taxe with hatefull Tyranny his Name;
 And why should *Kings* be soe ill Governed
 That their *Black Deeds* should Live when they are Dead.

95.

A Thousand Yeares and more are gone and past,
 Since that *Justinian* did the *Empire* sway,
 And yett his foule Dishonour still doth last,
 And will doe still whilst there is Night and Day;
 Because he did *Unworthily Repay*
 The Service of *Brave Bellisarius*,
 To whom he was unjustly Tyrannous.

96.

What though he did pluck forth those Eyes of thine
 The *Chearefull Lampes* that *Lightened* those *Dark* Daine
 Yett thy great *Arts*, maugre his *Malice*, shine
 As *Bright* and *Glorious* as the *Sunney Rayes*,
 And *Time* both *Sees* and *Speakes* thy *lasting Praise*;
 What though he made thee *Begg.* from *Dore* to *Dore*
 Thou shalt be *Rich in Honour*, He but *Poore*.

97.

Besides, *God* doth *Ingratitude* detest,
 But loves kind Offices from Man to Man,
 For Sweetnes, Goodnes, Private States are Blest,
 And much more *Kings*, because indeed they can
 Doe much more good; *they Measure* not by *Span*,
 But by the *Ells*, and as their *Meanes* are more,
 With abler *Wings* soe must they higher *soare*,

98. A

98.

And, *Oh Deare God!* the Fountaine of all Good,
 How much obliged are theise *Times* to thee
 For our most *Blessed Prince* of *Greatest Bloud*,
 And yett of *greater Vertue*? happy wee,
 Yea *Ten Times* happy that have liv'd to see
 Soe many *rare Perfections* joyn'd in *One*,
 And that *same One* to sitt uppon *this Throane*.

99.

I doe not purpose to *Perfume my Rymes*
 With the *False Breath* of *Servile Flattery*,
 I rather am too *Bold* with theise our *Tymes*,
 But I appeale to *God's all-seeing Eye*,
 To which our closest drifts most open lye,
 How my true *Penn*, writes from my feelinge *Heart*,
 When I (*Great King*) but shaddow what thou art.

100.

And *Oh* how *Blest!* how deare the *Heavens* doe love
 That *Common Wealth* where *Vertuous Princes* sway?
 Oh sweete *Experience!* now by thee wee prove
 Wee *Tast*, wee *Touch* that *Blessinge* everie *Day*;
 And grant (*all-guidinge God*) that live he may,
 Long in *Himselfe*, and soe longe in his *Race*,
 Till there be neither *Space* for *Tyme* nor *Place*.

101.

But wheather hath my *Zeale*, my *Soule's Desire*,
 With fervent *Passion* ledd my *Pen* astray!
 To my first *Subject* now I will retire,
 And bring my *Muse* into the beaten way,
 And Sing of thy *Disaster* and *Decay*.
 (*O Fatall Edward!*) whose ill *Govern'd Crowne*
 Both *Ruin'd others*, and *thy selfe* cast downe.!

102. But

102.

But yett of all the multiplicity
Of severall Ills that make unhappy Life,
There was noe greater *Infelicity*
Then was the *Falsbood* of his *Faulty Wife*;
That *Bosome Wound*, that *Deadly poyson'd Knife*
That *Stabbs the Soule* and never finds *Reliefe*,
But kills with *outward Shame* or *inward Griefe*.

103.

Oh what a *Chaos* of confused ill
Is in the *Compasse* of this *Sinn* contain'd?
First *Violation* of *God's* sacred *Will*,
Next *Parents*, *Brothers*, *Cosins* are defam'd,
The *Common Wealth* by *Bastardy* is stayn'd,
Inheritances wrongfully possess'd,
The *Husband* scorn'd, *Wife* loath'd, and *Babes* unblest.

104.

That festering *Sore* growes to a *Dangerous Head*
Now *Mortimer* begins to play his *Prize*,
A *braver Spirit* never nature bredd
Of goodly *Presence* to attract the *Eyes*,
Of *Sweete Discourse* wherein great *Influence* lyes,
Of *high Resolve*, and of a *Noble Heart*,
Noe want of *Nature*, and noe *ayde* of *Art*.

105.

This was the *Paris* that my *Hellen* won,
And this *Promoethcus* stole my *Heavenly Fire*,
This was the *Eagle* ayringe in the *Sunn*,
Hee's more then *Man*, that can *restraine Desire*,
Especially being wag'd with such an *Hire*;
A *Queene*, and *Young*, and *Faire*, Hee's *Halfe a Jove*,
Whome *Honour*, *Youth*, and *Bewty* cannot move.

106. And

106.

And though there be no *just excuse* for *Sinn*,
 Yett (*Isabell*) this will I say for *thee*,
 'Tis hardly kept, what many seeke to winn,
 The finest Cloth will soonest staine we see,
 Perhapps thou had'st thy Presedent from *mee* ;
 Twas like for like, though *Wrong* in *thee* it were,
 Yett was it *Right* and *Just* for *me* to beare.

107.

Besides *he* did imploy all potent *meanes*,
 To undermine the *Bull worke* of her *Brest*,
 And (Oh) ! that *Sex* too much by Nature leanes
 To change of *Loves* ; what neede it be opprest
 With *Powerfull Art* but Men will doe their best ?
 To scale the *Fort* untill the same be wonn,
 It is *undone desired*, *repented donn*.

108.

And after many sweete enticeing baites,
 When he had something div'd into her Heart,
 He then fitt oppertunity *awaites*,
 To *Act* the *last* and *best* of all his *Part*,
 Wherein he was to shew his *Master Art*.
 Which haveing gott, thus he begins the Field,
 To *Conquer* her that of *herselfe* did *Yield*.

109.

Faire Queene (*quoth he*) may I behold the *Bewty* ?
 Why not (*quoth she*) the *Sunn* is *scene* of all.
 And shall I *speake* *respecting* still my *Duty* ?
 Why not (*quoth she*) *Jove* heares the *Captives* thrall.
 Shall not *disdaine* on my endeavours fall ?
 Heare not (*quoth she*) great *minds* take all in worth;
 'Tis *Flint*, not *Pearle* sends *Sparks* of *Fire* forth.

I

110. Then

110.

Then, *Beauteous Queene*, my Words shall vent my *Wo*,
I love: How sweete were that same sound from *hee*?
 For once (*quoth she*) I grant to be thine *Echo*,
I love: It is noe perfect point (*quoth hee*)
 The Sentence wants except your *Grace adds mee*.
You said not soe, I made but *repetition*.
 The *Greatest Sums* (*Fair Queene*) neede noe *Addition*.

111.

Why then (*quoth she*) what is't that I should add?
 Add *Fancy* to *Affection* (*Gracious Queene*)
 Lett not *desire* in *tawney Weeds* be *Cladd*,
 Noe *Suite* becomes *sweete Love* soe well as *Greene*,
 Add *Love* to *Love*, *Love* will more *Lovely* seeme;
 Beleeve me (*Faire*) *Stolne Fruit* contenteth most,
 Then spare not that which being *spar'd* is *lost*.

112.

My Mortimer (*quoth she*) thou knowst I may not.
Maddam (*quoth hee*) I know you may but will not.
 What if I *will*? why then *Sweete Queene* *delay* not;
Edward will know: why say he should, it skills not;
Fame will defame, *Fame* may well *Hurt* but *Kills* not;
Dainger may grow: It will *indeare Delight*,
 As *darkest Grounds* make *White* to seeme more *Bright*.

113.

Thou wilt be *False*: then *Sunn* loose thou thy *Light*,
 Why being *Eclips'd* thou knowst it oft doth *soe*,
 Lett *Water burne*, I, now *Thou* hitst it *right*,
 Even from our *Bathes* such *Boyling Waters* flow;
 Be *Constant Moone* when I *Unconstant* grow;
 That *fiteth* just, the changeing, your *untrue*,
 Nay you the *Moone*; and I the *Man* in you.

114. *Th*

114.

I'll Cry ; doe Maddam, shedd some Teares for Joy,
 You wrong mee much ; yet wrong'd you will not tell,
 I pray thee leave : 'tis but an Idle Toy,
 'Tis true : and Toys please the Ladies well,
 I cannot Read : noe, Woemen must but Spell ;
 Men put together, that's my Part to play,
 I'll Fight, I'll Kisse, and soe begins the Fray.

115.

You Will : nay then I must because You Will,
 Woemen (Poore Soules) are Weake and dare not Fight,
 Whoever Rises wee goe Downward still,
 And yett fond Men will say that wee are Light ;
 Well it's our Fortunes and the Destinys spight :
 I am Content because I cannot Choose,
 'Tis best to take what boots not to refuse.

116.

Thus Mortimer my Golden Fleece did Steale,
 I tax not France our Matches made with thee,
 Yett have they not prov'd good for either Weale,
 Who well observes our History shall see
 The same confirm'd which is affirm'd by mee ;
 Our Henry, Edward, Richard, Seconds all,
 Soe matcht and found their Matches full of Gall.

117.

And 'tis a matter worthy observation,
 Our Matches with the Dutch have bene more blest
 Then any ells of whatsoever Nation,
 Wheather it be a Sympathising Brest
 Which glewes us closest and units us best ;
 Or wheather els some special Work of Fate
 I know not. but they have bene Fortunate.

I 2

118. And

118.

And graunt (*Oh God*) that still they may be soe,
 Still powr thy best of Blessings upon them,
Heaven, Earth, and Hell conspire thy overthrow,
 That to my *Prayers* doe not say *Amen*.
 And with that wishe goe to thy *Loomes* againe
 (*Unwearied Muse*) till thou hast woven at Will,
 The *Woefull Story* of *Poore Edward's* Ill.

119.

'Tis not the *Ayre* whereby wee live and breath,
 'Tis not the *Earth* the Mother of us all,
 Nor *Stars* alone, nor is it *Hell* beneath, ^{(call,}
 Nor theise same *Spritts* which Men their *Guardians*
 Nor *Chance*, which seems to sway things casuall;
 We are the *Sole Efficient*s of our Evils,
 We to our *selves* are either *Gods* or *Devills*.

120.

But I was still the later of the Twaine,
 My selfe wrought wrack beares Wittnes of the same,
 And you, great *Lords*, that liv'd whilst I did Raigne,
 And were consumed with the furious Flame
 Of my intraged Wrath, I will not blame;
 Your Wayward Pride, nor yett my Wives untruth,
 My *Seed* was *Sin*, my *Cropp* was *Shame* and *Ruth*.

121.

And when did ever that accursed Field
 Beare other Harvest then such thriftles Weed?
 Can *poysoned Fountaines wholesome Waters* yield?
 Or doe not *Wormes* out of Corruption breed?
Mischiefe the *Damme*, pregnant with *sinfull Seed*,
 Brings forth her *Daughter* (*Misery*) at last,
 And they are alwaies Glew'd together Fast.

122. There

122.

There can be noe *Divorce* betwixt those *Twaine*,
 They *mixe*, or rather they *Incorporate*,
 Lyke to the *Poles* of Heaven it doth remayne,
Constant and *fixt*, *Sinn* is *unfortunate*,
 Still drawing *Judgments* downe upon each *State*,
 Which sometimes are defer'd, not followinge straight,
 But what *Tyme* loseth, is repay'd with *Weight*.

123.

How many *Houses* have bene *rais'd* by *Sinn*,
 And *flourisht Faire* for one or two *discents*,
 But still the *Third* unprosperous hath bene,
 And *God* hath crost them with some strange *Events*,
 Whereof these *Tymes* yield many *Presedents*:
 But stay, my *Muse*, if thou wilt shun *Offence*,
 Thou must not meddle with the present *Tence*.

124.

Speake of the *Spencers* mighty in their *Daies*,
 Lett *Edward* be the Subject of thy *Pen*,
 Who did his *Minions* to such *Greatnes* raise,
 That the whole *State* by them was manag'd then,
 As Men with *Counters* soe doe *Kings* with Men;
 Sometimes they stand for *Halfe Pence*, and anon,
 What was but *soe*, becomes a *Million*.

125.

But when my *Peeres* did see how I was bent
 To make *Base waxen* Wings to mount the Sky,
 Whilst their *faire Plumes* were pluckt with vile *Contempt*:
 And they opprest with *Scorne* and *Injury*;
 To late left *Armes* they gott them by and by;
 Thy moved Warr the *Spencers* to remove,
 Late armed *Them*, and I was *Arm'd* by Love.

I 3

126. They

126.

They leavy'd Men, I likewise Men did leavy,
Both raised all the Forces wee could make,
A Tyrant's Hand (*they said*) was too too Heavy,
A Traytors Hand (*I said*) became a Stake,
They vow'd Redresse, I vow'd Revenge to take;
Wee Mett and meeting Fought, and Fighting found
Noe Hurt more grieues then doth a selfe wrought Wound.

127.

Oh Englishe Peeres! relinquish impious Armes,
Build not your weightiest Actions upon Sand,
'Tis not the Color of pretended Harmes,
Nor seeming Zeale unto your native Land;
Nor Reformation (though you beare in hand
The People soe) of some abuse of Lawes,
That can make Lawfull your unlawfull Cause.

128.

These are and ever have bene those smooth Oyles,
With which foule Treason seekes to Paint her Face,
That shee might seeme Faire, pleasing, full of Smiles,
Soe to winn Love, and gaine the Peoples Grace,
Who silly Gudgeons ever bite apace;
Untill the Fatall Hooke be swallowed downe.
With which Ambition angles for a Crowne.

129.

Who ever practis'd gainst a Prince or State,
But allwaies did pretend the Common Good,
Thereby to draw into Contempt or Hate,
The course of Government as then it stood;
This hath bene still the Marrow, Life and Bloud,
Of such Attempts: but here the Rule stands fast,
What's thought on First is Executed Last.

130

130.

For when that once their *Private Turnes* are serv'd,
The care of *Common Wealth* is laid aside,
That did but whett the *Knife* with which they carv'd
For their owne *Good*, that *Vizard* did but hide
Some *Secrett Ends*, not fitt to be descride
Untill accomplisht, which once brought to passe,
The publique State stands as before it was.

131.

And for to angle Men, *Crymes* must be made:
Against the *Prince*, if he be without touch,
Soe that noe just exceptions can be found,
Then must the *imputation* rest on such,
As being nere the *Prince*, are used much ;
For this is certaine, they that stand on *Highs*,
Are Fairest Markes, for Fowlest Obloquie.

132.

But though the *Arrow* at them seemeth aym'd,
Yett through their *sides* it Wounds the *Prince's Brest*,
Whose *Reputation* cannot be but maym'd
By their *Reproach* whome they doe favour best,
And they that kill the *Birds* would spoile the *Nest* ;
But what's intended would be closely wrought,
And that pretended which was never thought.

133.

Why should vaine Man still dawbe his *Actions* thus
With outward *Whitelyme* which are *Pitcht* within?
Even wicked *Kings* must be indur'd by us,
What e're the Cause be, *Treason* is a *Sinn*,
Rebellious Armes cannot true Honor winn ;
The *Sword* is not the *Subjects*, his *Defence*
In all Extreames, is *Prayer* and *Patience*.

134. Therefore

134.

Therefore (deare Spritts) dye not your Silver
 Into a sanguine with your Mother's Blood,
 Lett not uncivill Hands cause Civil Harmes,
 For private Grief confound not publique Good;
 Not all the Water in the Ocean Flood
 Can washe the Sinn from you and your Allyes,
 For *Treason* Lives although the *Traytor* Dyes.

135.

Sweet *Trent*, how were thy Crystall Waters stain'd
 With *Englishe* Bloud that was at *Burton* shedd?
 Let *Burrough* Bridge a *Golgotha* be nam'd,
 A Field of Death wherein lay Buried
 Soe many People, and all Natives Bredd;
 Had those dear Lives 'gainst *French Men* bene imploy'd
 We had not Greiv'd though you had Liv'd or Dyde.

136.

Att last the doubtfull Victory prov'd *myne*,
 The *Barrons* lost the Day, and lost their Lives,
 Their Heads went off whose Hearts did soe repine
 Against their Prince (for *Treason* seldome thrives;)
 That great al-seeing God whose Knowledge dives
 Into the deepest secrets of the Soule,
 Unjust Attempts in Justice doth controule.

137.

Great *Lancaster* (then whome noe greater Earle,
 This greatest *Isle* of *Europe* had before)
 Good *Lancaster* (in Goodnes such a Pearle,
 That him the vulgar Sort did longe adore)
 Had then his Head struck off, and many more
 Even of the greatest felt the selfe same stroake,
 Soe *Lightninge* spares the *Shrubbs* and teares the *Oake*.

138. The

138.

The Sword was sharpe, and Wounded everie where
 Many great Men of Noble Quality,
 In several Cittyes were Beheaded here
 For being Actors in that Trechery,
 Which allwaies proves a Mournfull Tragedy;
 For though I know the Sword is due to such,
 Yett should a Prince forbear to strike too much.

139.

For often Executions in a *State*,
 Especially of Men of Fashion,
 First stirr up *Pitty*, then *Dislike*, then *Hate*,
 Then *close Complaint*, then *Combination*;
 Then followes *Practise* for some alteration;
 And that indangers all if not withstood,
 And though unprosperous yett it spills much Blood.

140.

And that same *Throane* that's often wett with Bloud
 Is very *Slippery*, apt to give a Fall
 Yeilding noe Hours Rest, noe Pleasures Good,
 Sleeping on Thornes, and Feeding upon Gall,
 Still thinking, and still thinking Ill of all;
 Haunted with *restles Feare* whilst Day doth last,
 And then at Night with *Fearfull Dreames* agast.

141.

Our *Storyes* doe report third *Richard* foe,
 And without doubt he did too much lett Blood,
 Allwaies Mistrustfull both of Friend and Foe,
 Ready to strike them that but nere him stood,
 Fearfull to all, such was his furious mood;
 And fearing all as one that knew too well,
 How many Soules did wishe his Soule to Hell.

CANTO

CANTO III.

The ARGUMENT.

Mortimer imprison'd in the Tower, but makes his Escape to the Queen in France. They Plott against the King, under pretence of Securing the Person of the Young Prince, raise a Party in England, Bishop Tarleton at the Head of the Faction. The Queen goes to Hainault, raises Men and lands near Harwich, the Lords join her. The King flies, the Queen with her joint Forces pursues him. Tarleton's Sermon at Oxford. The Wickedness of the Clergy from the Norman Conquest describ'd. The King sets out to Sea, is put back into Wales by a Storme. Wanders about, attended by Baldock, Spencer, and Simon de Reding, who Endeavour to comfort him; is apprehended, imprison'd and depos'd. The Fatal Consequences of Civil Wars, Usurpations, and deposing of Kings describ'd. The King Resigns the Crown. Reflections on the Barbarous Treatment he met with. at last Cruelly Murder'd.

I.

O H! that a Prince might see a Tyrants Mind,
 What Monsters, what Chymeraies therein are,
 What Horrors in his Soule he still doth find,
 How much himselfe is with himselfe at Warr;
 Ever devided, full of Thoughtfull Care,
 What Pissolls, Ponyards, Poysons he conceits,
 And thinks each one for his Destruction waits.

2. Befid

2.

Besides indeed it is noe Pollicy,
 Except it be in a meer *Turkishe* State,
 To make the *Crowne* a common *Butchery*,
 To Governe all by Feare which breedeth Hate
 In noble Minds, and doth exasperate
 A free borne People, where the *Turkishe* Race
 Feare best commands, being *Servile*, *Poore* and *Bace*.

3.

Princes rewards should fall like *gentle Rayne*,
 Which coming softly doth the longer last,
 That their *Sweet Relishe* might still fresh remayne,
 Their *Executions* should be done in hast,
 Like *suddaine furious Stormes* that soone are past;
 Because when once the *Violence* is done,
 Th'offence thereof may be forgott and gon.

4.

One limbe of that great Body that did lend
 It selfe against mee in the factious Frayes,
 Was *Mortimer*, who yett uppon Commaund
 Came in before the Fight, him I straightwaies
 Sent to the *Tower*, to spend his weary Daies:
 In wretched Bonds restrain'd from Libertie,
 But Walls of Stone keepe not out Desteny.

5.

Which either finds or makes it selfe a way,
 For *Mortimer* thus sent unto the *Tower*
 To free himselfe still labours Night and Day,
 And by a *Sleepy Potion* (which had Power
 To make him Slumber till a certaine Houre)
 He found the meanes, his *Keeper* being fast,
 To make escape and gett to *Fraunce* at last.

6. This

6.

This was not done without my *Queenes* consent,
 Whose Head and Hand were worcking in the same,
 Little thought I that that way the Hare went,
 But Sir *Steven Segrave* onely I did blame;
 (Wretched Mankinde) how bold we are to frame
 Hopes to our selves, how blind to see our ill,
 That least we feare, that most doth hurt us still.

7.

Doe but observe how much wee straine att *Gnat*,
 And swallowe *Camels* downe without respect,
 How hoodwinckt wee are to discerne theise platts
 That hurt us most, how ready to suspect
 Our Friends for Foes, how apt and prest to effect
 Our owne disaister, *Mortimer* getts free,
 And others dy that lesse had wronged mee.

8.

And now I thought my Seate to be as sure
 As if great *Atlas* did uphold the same,
 The drosse being purg'd, the Gold must needs be pure
 The Smoake once gone, the Fire must brightly flame
 Their Eyes were out that markt and mar'd my game,
 They have noe Harts to dare, nor Tongues to preach
 Or Hands to Fight, or restles Heads to reach.

9.

But Hurtles, Haples, yea and Headles too,
 Are those Disturbers of our awfull Raigne,
 Who would prescribe the Prince what he should doe
 And when, and where, and why, and whome refrayne
 Like pupills whom their Tutors doe restraine;
 To Toy with Edge-tooles is a Dangerous thing,
 And 'tis noe *May-gams* to controule a King.

10. The

10.

Thus in a *Calme* I feard no *Storme* at all,
 But yett too soone a suddaine *Cold* did rise,
 From whence such store of Wintry Stormes did fall
 As for my shrowd noe shelter could suffice,
 Untill pale Death had clos'd my Fearfull Eyes ;
 O bring with you, who ever read my fall,
 Sad Thoughts, wett Eyes, and wayling Words withall.

11.

And thus it was, I sent my *Queene to France*,
 And after her the *Prince* (my Sonn) I sent
 To treate a *Peace* : but foe the fatall chance,
 They brought home *Warr*, although for *Peace* they
 The ambitious Woman she was fully bent (went ;
 To have sole Rule, and ment to put me downe,
 Soe *Ninus* once did loofe both Life and Crowne.

12.

There is more *Mercy* in the *Tygers Claw*.
 Lesse *Venome* in the *Scorpions* Sting doth ly,
 More *Pitty* in the Hungry *Lyons* Paw,
 Lesse *Danger* in the *Basiliske* his Eye,
Hienna that doth call the goers by,
 The *Pant hers* Breath, and *Crockadiles* false Teares,
 Have truer Harts than *faitbles Women* beares.

13.

Lett loofers speake, for they will not be lett,
 I lost my Crowne, my Friends, my Life I lost,
 My Glorious riseing had a Gloomy sett,
 My Wife, the Sea, wherein my Barke was lost,
 The Wrack whereon I suffered Shipwraek most ;
 She *Clytemnestra*, *Agamemnon* I,
 Whome false *Aegistus* fowly caus'd to dy.

K

His

14.

His part my *Finall Mortimer* did play,
 Whome *Isabell, my Queene*, foe well did love,
 That still in *France* with him she ment to stay,
 As one that would the selfe-same Fortune prove,
 And move noe other waies then he did move ;
 Meane while the *Cuckoe* hatcht in *Edwards* nest,
 And in my *Boate* his *Oare* was liked best.

15.

They that Enjoy and joy in their owne Love,
 Whose Vertuous Soules noe secrett soyle doth staine,
 Who never did unlawful Pleasure prove,
 But truly Loveinge are foe Lov'd again ;
 Thrice Happy they, more sweete Contentment gaine,
 Then those that have the change and choise of many,
 And using All are never lov'd of Any.

16.

For *Streames* divided runn a shallower course
 Then they that onely in one *Channell* runn,
 A Mind unchast doth ever like them worse
 That are obtain'd, then those that are unwonn,
 Beause it thinks some Pleasure is to come
 Which yett it hath not found, and never Ill
 Did seeme foe Sweete, but somethinge wanted still.

17.

For how can *Sinn* afford a full Delight,
 When it's indeed a meere privation,
 As well may *Darknes* be the cause of *Light*,
 And *Heaven* to *Hell* be turn'd by Transformation,
 As Wickednes yeild perfect Contentation ;
 The Vertuous Pleasures are Compleat and found,
 And Lawfull are at last Delightfull found.

18. Bu

18.

But *Lust* is *Deafe*, and hath noe Eares to heare
The cunning *Charmer*, Charme he nere soe well,
Which did too much in *Isabell* appeare,
Who did resolve with *Mortimer* to dwell;
And both of them did labour to expell
Me from my *Kingdome*, and to please the Tyme,
They made my *Sonne* the Colour of their Cryme.

19.

And here observe the foule effect of *Lust*,
That *Treasons*, *Murthers*, Outrage from it spring,
How both to God and Man it is unjust,
How it defiles all States, confounds all Things,
And at the last to utter Ruine brings;
How much more purer is that Holy Fyre,
Which God doth blesse, and Men themselves desire!

20.

As *Mortimer* and *Isabell* my *Queene*,
Practis'd in *France*, soe here they had their Faction
Of *Earles* and *Barrons*, Men of great Esteeme,
Both Wise and Stoute to manage any Action,
And the poore *Commons* guided by Exaction,
To Innovation were most easily ledd.
And nothing wanted but an able Head.

21.

But he that was Chiefe Worckman of the Frame,
Which drew the Plott at home for all the rest,
And afterwards did Build upon the same,
A *Bishop* was, yett *Churchmen* should be best,
But oftentimes Sinn lurcks within their brest;
When *Sacred Tytles*, and *Religious Names*,
Are but the *Covers* of *uncomly Shames*.

K 2

22. 'Twas

22.

'Twas *Tarleton*, whose spleene and worcking Braine
Were the producers of this Monster first,
Who, for he did some private Wrong sustaine,
In's inward Heart and Bosome Treason nurst
Against his *Prince*, which afterwards did burst
To those open Flames, from whence did grow
As spightfull Ills as eyer Age could showe.

23.

May then *Religion* be a Cloake for Sinn?
Can *Holiest Functions* serve but for Pretence?
Are *Churchmen* Saints without, and *Devills* within?
Dare Men make *God* a Colour for Offence,
Knowing with what *Fierce Wrath* he'll recompence
Even *Simple Sinners* that scarce know his Will,
Then much more *those*, whose *Knowledge* serves for Ill.

24.

Most reverend Priesthood how art thou profan'd?
How comes thy *Glorious Lustre* soe obscure?
That even thy very *Tytile* is defam'd?
The *Cause* is playne, *Professors* are impure;
Their *Lives* doe Hurt more then their *Tongues* doe Cure;
For *Laymen* thinke all lawfull which they doe,
And in that thought are easily drawne thereto.

25.

And soe there growes a Confluence of all Sinn,
For *Sheepe* will wander if the *Shepherd* stray,
Small Boats must downe when *Great Ships* cannot swim,
If *Doctors* faile what shall poore People say?
God helpe the Blind, if cleare Eyes misse the way;
Though *Sinn* doe ever draw with it a *Curse*,
Yett doth the *Author* make the Sinn the worse.

26. But

16.

But to my selfe I doubted what to doe;
 For weighty *Causes* challenge heedfull Care,
 I fear'd the *French*, I fear'd my *Subjects* too,
 I wanted *Crownes* the *Sinnowes* of the Warr;
 Those that I had, I thought not Good to spare,
 But freely sent them to the *King of France*,
 That he should not *his Sister's* Part advance.

27.

Whereby from thence she had no ayde at all,
 (Oh what a pleasing *Orator* is *Gold*!)
 How well he speakes that tells a *Golden Tale*?
 How sweetly sounds it both to *Young* and *Old*?
 And yet it loves not to be heard but told.
Orpheus did make the *Stones* great wonders doe,
 But *this* can more then *Stones* and *Orpheus* too.

28.

Which when my *Queene* and *Mortimer* perceiv'd,
 They leaving *France* to *Hainault* went for *Ayd*,
 And there with *Honour* they were well receiv'd,
Forces prepar'd, and *Ensignes* were display'd,
 And *Ships* were rigg'd, and nothing was delay'd
 That might advance their *Enterprize* begunn,
 Sae deepest *Seas* with smoothest *Silence* runn.

29.

They tooke the *Sea*, and landed at the last
 Att *Orwell Haven*, a deadly *Gulfe* to mee,
 And thither their *Confederats* did hast,
 Both *Lords* and *Commons* seem'd to agree,
 As *Winds* and *Waves* consent when *Wracks* shall be:
 All turn'd their *Faces* to the rising *Sunn*,
 Because my date was done, and I undon.

K 3

30. But

30.

But when the Voyce of *Eagle-winged Fame*
 Had spread abroad the *Cause* of their repaire,
 And seemed still to Justify the same,
 By due Succession of my *Sonne* and *Heire*,
 My *Hope* to *Fear*, my *Fear* turn'd to *Dispaire*;
 And my *Dispaire* on those two Grounds were laid,
 My *Peers* were False, my *Partisans* dismaid.

31.

Then did I fly from *London* where I lay,
 Because they seem'd too partially Affected,
 And in my Flight did often weepe and say,
 To what hard Hearts (*Poore Prince*) art thou *Subj.ect*ed?
 What Gloomy Starrs have thus thy State infected?
 That they should Hate who ought to Love the rather
A haples King, a Husband and a Father.

32.

Most mighty *Monarches* have bene oft distressed,
 Whome yett their *Wives* have Lov'd with tender care
 And many in their Match are Curs'd, are Blest
 Yett in their *Issue*; but my *Case* is rare,
 In all of them my Fortunes fatall are;
 They wrong me most that should Protect me rather
A haples King, a Husband, and a Father.

33.

Some say that *Kings* are *Gods* upon the Earth,
 And Marriage *quasi* Merry-age some Surmise,
 God gives us Joy they say at *Childrens* Birth,
 What God am I whome trayterous Men despise?
 And Marr-age for my Marriage doth arise;
 There Reape I Care where most Content doe gather
A haples King, a Husband, and a Father.

34.

34.

As thus I fled, my *Queene* persu'd amayne,
 Soe runs the *Hare* for Life, the *Hound* for Prey,
Few followed mee, but *Thousands* were her *Trayne*,
 Soe *Flyes* swarme thickest in a *Sun shine* Day;
 At last at *Oxford* did she make some stay
 With all her *Troopes*, and did deliberate,
 What Course to take with mee and with my State.

35.

There did her Tutor *Tarlton* thinke it fitt,
 Of their chief drift Remonstrance for to make,
 Who being of good Discourse and pregnant Witt,
 To broach the matter first did undertake,
 He preacht, his *Text* was this (*my Head doth Ake*;)
 Whereon dilating he did seeme to prove,
 That Subjects might a King, their Head, remove.

36.

And in that Compassie he included me,
 And soe concluded I should be depos'd,
 A *Dangerous* and *Detested* Heresy,
 By some *Infernall Fury* first Compos'd,
 In *Hell* where long the Monster lay inclos'd;
 Till *impious Spiritts* swolne with Insolence,
 To curb all *Christian Princes* brought it thence.

37.

Why should such *Dirvillishe Principles* be preacht,
 By them that seeme to bring *Gods Ambassy*?
 Why should the *Pulpett* be soe much Reprocht,
 As to be made a Place to tell a Ly?
 To serve a Turne, to sooth Impiety?
 But they who onely their owne Ends affect,
 Nor God, nor Man, nor Heaven, nor Hell Respect.

38. No^a

38.

Noe worthy Mind will charge me to disclose
 With curst *Cain* my Father's sacred shame,
 Though my free Muse doe somewhat touch at those
 Of Holy Church, what Actions full of blame
 Have soyld themselves, not Function full of blame,
 Nor i't a Wonder though theise blinded Times
 Did Hatch both *Monstrous Men* and *Monstrous Crymes*.

39.

William whose Sword did seate him in his Throane,
 Brought with him *Odo Bishop of Baion*,
 Whose *Pride*, whose *Lust*, whose *Irreligion*,
 Whose *Simony* to buy the Sea of *Rome*
 Incens'd his Brother to iust Wrath, by whome
 Th' *Aspiring Priest* in Person was restrain'd,
 And not releast soe long as *William* Raig'n'd.

40.

And had this head-strong Man bene still held in,
 (*Rufus*) thy Raigne had bene more Easy farr,
 For haveing head, he Labour'd straight to winn
 All discontented Spiritts, that allwaies are
 Apt to take Fire, unto a Civill Warr ;
 And those Corrupted Humours drawne to Head,
 In Prince and State great Inflammations bredd.

41.

When Second *Henry* wore the Diadem,
 How did *Ambitious Beckett* toyle the State ?
 Who made the *Pope* to interdict the *Realme* ?
 Who with the *French King* did Confederate ?
 Who Underhand worcks Man and Wives debate ?
 Who drew the *Sonne* to Armes against the *Syre* ?
 'Twas *Becket* that most Kindled all this Fire.

42. What

42.

What bitter Stormes had almost wrackt the State ?
 By Clergy Practise while King John did Raigne,
 Six Yeares the Realme stood Excommunicate,
 And under interdiction did remayne,
 People and Peeres drew from their Soveraigne ;
 Lewis of France brought in to weare the Crowne,
 If by his Forces John were sholdred downe.

43.

Who almost sincking with foe rough a blast,
 Finding himselfe unable to withstand,
 To leave his Crowne was forced at the last
 For to resigne unto the Pope his Land,
 And by a Rent to farme it att his hand :
 Then all was well the Clergies turne was serv'd,
 Lewis was Curst, and John had well deseru'd.

44.

Doe Kingdoms then serve but for Tennisballs,
 For Holy Church to racket up and downe ?
 Must Scepters be dispos'd by Bishops Palls ?
 Or shall a Prince make forfeit of a Crowne,
 If a proud Prelate chaunce to Frett or Frowne ?
 If they can carry it foe I li'e their Witt,
 But sure I am, 'tis not by Holy Writt.

45.

When Straw his base Rebellious Troupes did gather
 And drew the Commons to a Dangerous Head,
 He Ball a Priest, or one of Baal's Priests rather,
 By close Seditious Libells which he spredd ;
 By Rymes and old said Sawes he much misledd
 The vulgar Sort, and made their Madnes more,
 Which of it seife did rage too much before.

46. When

46.

When *Lancaster King Richard* did depose.
 His Chiefe Assistant, *Thomas Arrundell*,
Primate of England, did absolve all those
 That joynd in that foule Action to expell
 Their Rightfull King, and did in substance tell
 The very Tale that *Tarleton* erst had told ;
Soe oft, by them this Realme was Bought and Sold.

47.

Whilst *Humfry Duke of Gloster* Rul'd the State,
Henry the Sixt then being under Age,
 What *Bloudy Tumults*, what *intestive Hate*
 Were here untimely rais'd by *Beaufort's* rage ;
 Which was soe full that nothing could assuage
 His rankrous Spleene, nor would stint the strife,
 Till by fowle Practise *Gloster* lost his Life.

48.

Richard the Third that did Usurpe the Crowne,
 And swom through Bloud to gett the Kingly Place,
 Had he not *Shaw*, a Clerke of great Renowne
 Before that time high in the Peoples grace ?
 Who at *Paules Crosse* did bastard *Edwards* Race,
 Defend the deed forg'd, wrested sooth up Sinne,
 Ventur'd his Soule, a Tyrants Love to winn.

49.

But stay, I handle with too rash a Touch
 The Churches Wounds, that now are fairely Heal'd,
 Then were the hudwinckt times, then were they full
 In those darke Daies, now is the Truth reveal'd,
 Now are theise former Errors all repeald,
 And now the Sunn soe Lightens all our Clyme,
 Most learned Fathers, answere you the Tyme.

50.

Be, as you should be, *Lampes* to give us Light,
 And *shining Starrs*, to grace our Firmament,
 Though you doe *Teach* and wee *Believe* aright,
 Yett Minds unsettled sooner will be bent
 When they shall see your Worcks and Words consent;
 And therefore lett your Lives your Faith expresse,
 And prove by *Practise* what you doe *Professe*.

51.

Whilst *Mortimer*, my *Queene* and *Tarleton* plaid
 Their Pageant thus, the *Current* went soe swift,
 That I thought best untill the Fury stay'd
 In some close private Place a while to Shift;
 And for the Land seem'd crosse unto my dirst,
 I did resolve by *Sea* so seeke some *Clyme*,
 Where I might Harbour till some Happy Time.

52.

And soe I left the Land to take the *Seas*,
 But Sea and Lan'd conspir'd unto my taking,
 For neither Plaints, nor Prayers could appease (ing
 The Wind and Waves, which fear'd as they were mak-
 Sharpe Warr betwixt themselves, whilst I stood quak-
 For feare least I, the Subject of their strife, (ing
 Should end their Warr by ending of my Life.

53.

And yett thrice Happy had Poore *England* bene,
 If Death had Ended then my weary Daies,
 But cast a shoare in *Walles* I liv'd unseene
 In Pathles Woods and unfrequented Waies,
 With those few Friends that whilome I did raise;
Balduck, and *Reading*, *Spencer* and noe more,
 Who in my Fall their Ruine did deplore.

54. O

54.

Of all the swarmes that followed Princely Raigne,
 Of all the Friends that follow awfull Pride,
 Loe onely this poore remnant did remayne
 As true Love not with fadd Affliction tryde,
 Whose Sufferings and whose Sorrowes were ally'd;
 For wretched Man Compassionate each other,
 And kind Compassion is Affections Mother.

55.

O see what Quickfands Honour treads upon!
 How easy is the the Way that Greatnes goes?
 A mighty *Monarch* late attended on, (shower)
 With supple Harpies, Smooth Browes, Submissive
 For many Followers now hath many Foes;
 Now fawning Friends from frowning Fortunes run,
 As *Persians* use to Curse the setting Sunn.

56.

When *Jove* had made the chiefe of all the Creatures
 Whome wee call Man, *(a little World indeed,)*
 The *God* did Praise his well proportion'd Features,
 Each in their Functions serving others need,
 But prying *Momus* taking better heed;
 Observ'd at last one Error in his Art,
 Because he made noe Windows in Mans Heart.

57.

O that the Glorious *Architect* of Men
 Had made transparent Glasses in the brest!
 What Place should be for *Polliticians* then?
 How should defemblings grow in such request?
 And *Matchivillian Athisme* prosper best?
 But *Temporizing* is the way to Clyme,
 There is noe *Musique* without keeping Tyme.

58.

58.

I shall not doe amisse if I doe Sing
Those heavy *Anthem*s our sadd *Consort* made,
Whilst they did warble to their *wretched King*,
As wee did sorrowing sitt in silent shade,
The suddaine downfall reeling Greatnes had,
Baldock (quoth I) out of *Philosophy*
Extract some Medicine for our Misery.

59.

Deare Prince (quoth he) whome late our Eyes beheld
In greatest Glory that the World could see,
Whilst thou with awfull Majestie didst wield
The publique State, lett it noe Wonder bee,
If some few Starrs prove opposite to thee;
Since in their Favour none soe firmly stood,
But they have given them Griefe as well as Good.

60.

Doe but observe the Favorite of *Chance*,
Her choifest *Minion*, highest in her Grace,
Phillips great Son whome he did soe advance,
Who did subdue the *East* in little space,
Unto whose Armes th' amazed World gave place,
Whose Actions are the Subjects of all Storyes,
He poyson'd Dyes amidst his World of Glories.

61.

I list not wade in telling Tragick Tales,
T'is sicke that all Greatnes is unsure,
Stormes Rage more fiercely on the Hills then Dales,
Shrubbs better then the *Cedars* Wind indure,
Those Colours soonest staine that are most Pure;
O lett him Grasp the *Clouds* and Span the *Sky*
That can assure himselfe Felicity.

L

61. In

62.

In all that this same Massy World doth hold,
 There is a certaine mixture to be found,
 Either of Dry or Moist, or Hott or Cold,
 Of which of any one too much abound
 The Body soe infected proves unsound ;
 But being kept in just proportion,
 They doe maintaine a Healthfull Union.

63.

Soe fares it in our Fortunes and our State,
 Nothing is Simply Sweet or Simply Sower,
 Our Weale is mixt with Woe, our Love with Hate,
 Our Hope with Feare, and Weaknes with our Power
 We have a Sun-shine and a Gloomy Hower,
 And as there is an *Autumn* and a *Spring*,
 Soe Change by Course is seene in every thing.

64.

The Wind that's now at *South* will change to *North*,
 The greatest *Grasse* will turne to withered Hay,
 The *Seas* both Ebb and Flow at every Shoare,
 The *Moone* doth waxe and waine yett not decay,
 Day drawes on Night, and Night drawes on the Day;
 Our selves once Babes, now Men, then Old, straight
 Doe plainly prove a Change in everie one. (none)

65.

Wise *Polliticians* and deepe sighted *sages*
 That have discourst of *Common Wealthes* with Care,
 Both of our Time and of precedent Ages,
 Observe in them a Birth when first they are ;
 A growth which oft extendeth very farr,
 A State wherein they stand, some change withall,
 And then at last a fatall finall Fall.

66. Rime

66.

Rome had her being first from *Romulus*,
Her growth from *Consulls* that were annuall,
Her State most florisht in *Octavius*,
Many Conversions, these most Principall
From *Kings* to *Consulls*, last *Imperiall*;
And who sees that she lyes not Ruyned,
And in her Ruynes now lyes Buried.

67.

The greatest and best grounded *Monarchy*
Hath had a Period and an Overthrow,
There is noe constant Perpetuity,
The Streame of things is carryed too and froe,
And doth in everie runninge Channell goe;
If then great *Empires* are to Changes bending,
What weaker States are warranted from ending?

68.

Ruines of Kingdomes and their fatall Harmes
From one of theise same Causes doe arise,
From Civill Fury, or from Forraine Armes,
Or from Plague doomed from the angry Skye
Or worne by wasting Tyme dissolved dyes;
For as the Fruite once Ripe falls from the Tree,
Soe *Common Wealthes* by Age subverted bee,

69.

If theise be Wracks that Shipwarck *Monarchyes*,
Are private States exempted from the same,
Where lives that Man hath such Immunityes?
'Tis hard to scape once scorcht in common Flame,
Or Parts to stand when ruin'd is the Frame;
These publique harmes that *Empires* doe decay,
In private States doe beare a greater sway.

L. 2.

70. Five

70.

Five Hundred Yeares some that are curious Wise,
 Would have the Period of the publique State,
 And they appoint for private Familyes,
 Some six or seaven Discents the utmost date,
 I dare not soe precisely calculate;
 But without doubt there is a fixed Tyme,
 In which all *Stats* have both their Sett and Pryme.

71.

Lett theise be motives (*O dejected Great One*)
 To calme the Tempest of thy Stormy Care,
 And though I must confesse it well may fret one,
 Thy past and present Fortune to compare;
 Yett since in all things Changes common are,
 Thinke ebbd Stats may flow, and thinke withall,
 What happs to me to everie one may fall.

72.

Thus *Baldock* ceast, and *Reading* thus began,
 But first his Eyes dew'd downe a weeping Raine,
 O thou once *glorious*, now *eclipsed Sunn*,
 Now thou art *clouded*, yett maist *cleare* againe,
 With *Courage* therefore hopefull Thoughts retaine;
 For oft those *Winds* that draw the *Cloudes* together,
 By their Disperse occasion fairer Weather.

73.

But I intend to *Comment* on this *Text*,
 Nor will I Harrow that which he did Sow;
 What I apply to thy sadd Soule perplex
 With those Dismayes that from thy Fortune flow,
 Out of th' assured Grounds of Truth doth grow;
 Then make good use thereof, and learne thereby
 This soveraign Salve for thy sad Malady.

74. All

74.

All things that boundless Thought can once con-
Sacred, Prophane, or Elements compos'd, (ceive,
Unbodied Spritts, or what ells doe receive
A Being, when, or where, or how dispos'd,
 Within a *triple Circle* are inclos'd,
 To Be *Eternall*, or *Perpetuall*,
 Or els indeed but meerely *Temporall*.

75.

That is *Eternall* which did not begin
 Nor never ends, and onely *God* is foe ;
 Who hath for ever and for ever bin,
 Whome noe *Place* circumscribes, nor *Times* foregoe,
 Nor *Lymitts* bound, nor *Thought* can fully know ;
 Whome wee foe much the more ought to admire
 How much the less to *Knowledge* we aspire.

76.

That is *Perpetuall* which in *Time* began,
 But never any *Time* shall end againe,
 Such are the *Angells*, such the *Soule* of *Man*,
 Such are those *Spritts* that live in restless *Paine*
 (*Rebellious Spritts against their Soveraigne*).
 All theise were made, as't pleas'd their *Maker's Will*,
 Once to begin, but to continue still.

77.

Lastly, those things are counted *Temporall*
 Which had *Beginnings* and shall have their *Ends*,
 And in that *Rank* the *World* it selfe doth fall,
 Soe *Honour*, *Riches*, *Strength*, *Allyes* and *Friends*,
 All which by *Nature* to *Corruption* bends ;
 And in this *Sence* it's true *Philosophy*,
 What doth *Begin* shall *End* most certainly.

L 3

And

78.

And therefore make *noe things* foe weake and vaine,
 To be thy God, as if they were *Eternall*,
 Nay doe not prize them as an equall *Caine*
 Unto thy Soule, which is *Perpetuall*;
 But hold them as they are, but *Temporall*;
 And since their Nature is to cease to bee,
 Thinke they observe but their due course with *thee*.

79.

The *Spatious World* is *Fortunes Tenniscourt*,
Men are the *Balls* with which *Rackett Tyme*
 She tosses too and fro for her disport,
 Sometimes *above*, sometimes *beneath* the *Line*,
 Now *Bounding*, straight *struck Dead*; but yet in fine,
 All goe into the *Hazard*, that's the *Grave*,
 And they once gone *the* other *Balls* must have.

80.

Soe ~~stent~~ hee; and then spoke *Spencer* foe,
 To my discourse (*deare Prince*) vouchsafe thine Eare,
 And since wee all doe share alike in Woe,
 Lett me have leave to Tune my Voice like theirs,
 (*United Forces greater Forces beares*;)
 And all of us leuell our *Aymes* at this,
 To make them thinke the *World* but as it is.

81.

But (O) that your *Experience* prov'd not true!
 Would wee did sitt upon the quiett *Strand*,
 And thence beheld the *Wrack* like to ensue,
 And pittie others (wee secure on Land)
 But our *Estates* in doubtfull hazards stand;
Succeeding Ages by our Fall may read
How all things Hang but by a Slender Thread.

82. Such

82.

Such is the *sadd Condition* of each *State*,
Annexed to it by *Eternall Doome*,
Which is Enrolled in the *Book of Fate*,
From whence the least *Occurrances* doe come
That happen from the *Cradle* to the *Tombe* ;
For though our *Fortunes* seeme but *Casuall*,
The Finger of the Highest is in all.

83.

For who sees not how much the *World* bewitches?
Who feels not how the *Fleshe* is apt to yield?
Especially made *Insolent* with *Riches*,
How hard it is *Prosperity* to *Wield*?
How proudly *Fighteth Sinn* with such a *shield*,
When *Lustfull Ease*, and full *Saturity*,
And *pleasing Tongues* still draw on *Vanity*?

84.

We may even of our *selves* an instance make,
When did we entertaine such *Thoughts* as these?
Or when did we this *Theame* or *Subj:ct* take?
Whilst *Sinn*, begott with *Greatnes*, nurst with *Ease*,
Confirm'd with *Use*, and seeke all meanes to please
The present *Humor* that did most delight,
And fram'd our *Wills* according to our *Might*.

85.

But now *afflicting Sorrow* doth assaile us,
We tune our *Consort* to an other *Key*,
We change our *Minds* because our *Meanes* doe faile us;
And those lewd *Motives* being remov'd away,
Which did induce us soe to runn astray,
We now recall our *Wandering Thoughts* againe,
And from our *Troubles* take our truest *Ayme*.

86. O

86.

O *sad Affliction* ! though thou seemst severe,
 Yett often times thou drawest us to God,
 Who strikes for to *Instruct*, and clouds to cleare,
 So doth the *tender Father* use the Rodd,
 So *Bitter Hearbs* in Medicines are fodd;
 Of easy *reynes* who doth not Reckoning make,
 Must needs be Ridden with a rougher brake.

87.

If thus thou dost Account thou Recknest even,
 And thou shalt summe thy Sorrowes with Delight,
 God Strikes on Earth, that he may Stroke in Heaven,
 He gives a Tallent when he takes a Myte;
 And lest thy Soule should live in Endles Night,
 He sends his *Heralds* onely to this End,
 That thou mightst be his *Follower*, he thy Friend.

88.

He ceas'd, (I said) *Spencer*, I find it true,
 Even from my *selfe*, I can the Prooffe derive,
 Calamity doth Fashion us anew,
 Remorsefull Griefe into the Soule doth dive,
 And Sorrow makes Repentant Thoughts to thrive;
 But full fedd Soules, and Fortunes soaring highe,
 Thinke neither how to Live, nor how to Dy.

89.

I must confesse the truth, the *Tyme* hath bene
 Whilst my *sweete candid Fortune* lasted still,
 I never thought on things that were unseene,
 I onely was *obsequious* to my Will,
 My Sence my God, whose *Hests* I did fullfill,
 And my deluded Soule did place her Good
 Onely in that that pleas'd my wanton Blood.

90. How

90.

How often did I Plott *Impiety*,
 And *Fashion* it upon my sinfull Bed?
 Still Huntinge after fresh Variety,
 Longing to Act what was in Fancy bred;
 How much were all Occasions welcomed
 By which I might add Heate unto my Fire?
 And still *new Formes* were form'd by *new Desire*.

91.

And that I might without any Controule,
 Without all check or touch of *Conscience*,
 How often did I say unto my Soule,
 Enjoy a *Present Good*, be rul'd by *Sense*,
 Not by *Opinion* or *Conceit*, from whence
 Some *curious Braines* have forg'd strainge *Novelties*,
 But be thou *Wise* and followe *Realities*?

92.

But (*Spencer*) now I find I was a *Foole*,
 And, like *Ixion*, did a *Cloud* imbrace,
Calamity hath sett me now to *Schoole*,
 Where though I feele more *Griefe* I find more *Graces*,
 And now I see how wretched was my *Case*;
 Whilst being Bewicht with *false Felicity*,
 I thought *Religion* but meere *Pollicy*.

93.

But now my *Soule* groanes with the weight of *Sinns*,
 And I ly Prostrate at my *Master's Feet*,
 I doe confesse how I have Guilty bin,
 How my *Disfast* hath taken *Sower* for *Sweete*,
 I find a *God* whose *Judgements* now I meete;
 Dam'd *Atheist* thou that saist there is noe *God*,
 Thou wilt Confesse one when thou feelst his *Rodd*.

94 Lett

94.

Lett *Pharoah* live at rest and he will wage
 Warr against *Heaven*, and aske who is the *Lord*,
 Nay more and more the *Tyrant* still will rage,
 Till God drawes forth his Sharpe avenging Sword,
 Till his just Plagues noe breathing-time afford;
 Then I have sinn'd, Pray for me, lett them goe,
 And then who *God* is *Pharoah* learnes to know.

95.

Soe doth the sharpest Bryre beare sweetest Rose,
 And bitter Medicines purge the Body best,
 How wondrously doth God his Works dispose!
 That even by Crosses he can make us Blest,
 And hath our chiefest Joy in Sorrowes nest?
 Then lett us not repine against his Doome,
 But weave our Webb as he hath warpe our Loom.

96.

And Reading of the *World* thou Readst aright,
 It is indeed but meerely *Temporall*,
 Even these deare *Pleasures* wherein Men delight,
Friends, *Honours*, *Riches*, are all Casuall,
 And as they have their *Hony* soe their *Gall*;
 Thers nothing certaine in the *World* but this,
 That every *Worldly Thing* uncertaine is.

97.

Those were our *Parleyes* as wee fate alone
 These tearefull Tributes duly were defray'd,
 Now did wee *Walke*, and *Weepe*, now *Sitt* and *Grone*
 Till *Faithles Welsh*, me, *Friendles Wretch*, betraid
 Unto their Hands, who straightwaies me convoid
 To *Kensworth*, where I imprisoned lay;
 And never after saw one Blisfull Day.

98. Fo

98.

For first I was depos'd by Parliament
 From Princely Rule, as one not fitt to Raigne,
 Both Peeres and People all did give consent,
 That I Unking'd in Durance should remayne,
 And sent their Agents to me to explaine
 That if I would not to my Sonn resigne,
 They'd choose a Prince out of some other Lyne.

99.

O Englands Peeres, weigh what you take in hand,
 Looke but with Judgement into your Designe,
 That which you now attempt will wrack the Land,
 The Wounds whereof shall Bleed in Aftertyme,
 And Babes unborne shall Curse the Hatefull Cryme;
 For whatsoe doth prevent the Course of things,
 Wrath, Ruynie, Death, and Desolation brings.

100.

There is a Lawfull and a certaine Right,
 Which must be allwaies kept inviolate,
 And being infring'd by Practise or by Might
 Drawes fearfull Judgements downe upon the State;
 Then you or yours will wishe, although too late,
 That I had kept my rightfull Interest still,
 And you had not bene Agents of this ill.

101.

When your owne Children shall each other Wound,
 And with accursed hand goare others brest,
 When Civil Fury shall your State confound,
 Then will you say his Ghost is not att rest,
 His, whome unjustly wee have dispossess;
 The Second Edwards, for whose Sacrifice,
 Your Nephewes then shall pay a Bloudy Price.

102. Never

102.

Never (O never) was the *Rightfull Course*
 Of this our *Crowne* perverted or suppress,
 But still the same hath bene the fatall source
 Of many *Mischiefes*, and of much unrest;
 And as the *Land* hath bene therewith oppress,
 Soe the *Usurper* never kept it long
 In any *Quiett*, what he gott with *Wrong*.

103.

William, who with his *Sword* did win the *Crowne*,
 Getting by *Conquest*, what he kept with *Care*,
 The true and lawfull *Heir* being shouldred downe,
 Like a *Wood Lyon* (his own *Word*) did fare
 Against the *Englishe*, whome he did not spare;
 Or *Yong*, or *Old*, that were of *Worth* or *Place*,
 And for the rest, he yoak'd with *Bondage* base.

104.

And as he royl'd the *Land* with this unrest,
 Soe tasted he his share of *Misery*,
Robert *Rebells* (a *Bird* of his owne *Nest*)
 The *Normans* brake forth into *Mutiny*,
 The oppressed *Englishe* hatch *Conspiracy*;
 Allwaies in *Forraine* *Brawles* or *Civill* *Strife*,
 And soe waists forth a wretched weary *Life*.

105.

Nay *Death* the *Period-maker* of all moane,
 Even against *Nature* followes him with spight,
 The mighty *Prince* by *Thousands* waited on,
 Being *Dead* its left alone, forsaken quite,
 Noe *Sonne*, noe *Friend* to doe him his *last Right*;
 None that voughsaf'd to give him *Buriall*,
 But unreguarded lay dispis'd of all.

106. No

106.

Nay more, the Ground where he should be inter'd
Anselme fitt farther (his dead Bones to fright)
 Claym'd as his owne (a thing scarce ever heard)
 And for the *Prince* there dead by lawles Might
 Had warn'd him out of that which was his Right,
 On *God's* behalfe he did forbid them all
 Within his Earth to give him Buriall.

107.

Nor would he cease the Challenge he had made,
 Nor yett durst they his Corps interr therein
 Untill a Summe of Money was defraid,
 With which they paid their Ransome for their Sinne;
 Soe much adoe had that great *Prince* to winne
 That which none doth the poorest Wretch deny,
 A Bedd of Peace where his dead Bones might ly.

108.

Nor was the Streame of *Misery* thus staid,
 The Date of our *Affliction* lasted still,
 There is not yet sufficient Ransom paid,
 The ill-got *Scepter* must be swaid as ill,
Rufus succeeds and still more Bloud doth spill;
 Still havocks more, and yett doth tiranize,
 Untill by suddaine Vyolence he dyes.

109.

Nor did the Crowne stand well on any Head
 Til *Beau Clerk* gott the *Scepter* in his Hand,
 Who to the *Saxon Mawde* being Married
 Some Beames of Comfort chered the drooping Land,
 And then our State in peaceful state did stand;
 Till *Henry* dy'de, and *Steven* unjustly gott
 The Crowne, and sett new Troubles here on floate.

M

110. Th

110.

Then burst there forth an ill consuming Flame,
 The *Empres Mawd* fought to acquire her Right,
Steven had the *Crowne*, and he would keep the same
 Untill shee should recover it by Fight;
 Then follow'd all the Hostile Arts of Spight
Sword, Fyer, Ropes, Murders, Leagers wast, and wrack,
 And nothing off extreamest Ills did take.

111.

So hath *Unjust Succession* scourg'd this Land;
 At length *Steven* dyes, after a wretched Raigne;
 Then Second *Henry* wears the *Dyadem*,
 In whome the Rightfull Title did remaine,
 And then our *State* did happy Fortunes gaine;
 Then did our Strength increase, our Bounds extend,
 And many Nations to our Yoake did bend.

112.

Then *Richard* his brave Sonn did next succeed
 In a Just Course, and all things prosper'd well;
 In *Syria* he did many a worthy Deed,
 The *Eastern World* of his Exploits can tell,
 And many Thousand Miscreants (sent to Hell)
 By his Unconquer'd Arme have prov'd long since
 That *Caur de Lyon* was a peerles Prince.

113.

He dead, young *Arthur* should have had the *Crowne*
 (The Sonne of *Jeffrey*, who was *Henry's* Sonn)
 Had not *King John* his Uncle putt him downe,
 Who being hal'd on by Ambition,
 Diverts the Course of due Succession;
 Makes himselfe King, usurpes the Princes Name,
 And murders *Arthur* to secure the same.

114. And

114.

And now (O now) begins our Tragedy,
Where Death and Horror only Actors are,
John Governs, as he Got, preposterously,
And doth both with his *Peeres* and *Clergy* jarr;
Then *Janus* sets wide ope the Gates of Warr;
And then the Land with Bloud was overthrowne,
And none could safely call his owne his owne.

115.

Then were the *Cittyes* sackt, the *Fields* laid wast,
The *Virgins* forc'd, the *Maryage-Bed* defylde;
Then were the ancient *Monuments* defac'd,
The *Ports*, untraffiqued, landed up and spoylde,
Even *God* himselfe seem'd hence to be exile,
The Land was curst, and Sacred Rytes were bar'd,
And Six Years space no Publique Prayers were heard

116.

Then did the King *Lease forth* the *Realm* to *Rome*,
Then did the *Peeres* of *France* betray the *Crowne*,
(O Heavens great King) how fearfull is thy Doome!
How many many *Plagues* canst thou poure downe
Upon a Nation, when thou please to frowne?
Arthur, it was the Wrong done thee of late
That made just Heaven so to afflict our *State*.

117.

But yett might not his *Death* that did the Deed
Be a *Peace-Offering* to redeeme the Sin?
Why should the Land of that one Wound still bleed
Or wherefore dyed not the Offence with him?
Was not the Measure heapt up to the Brim
Both of the Ills he suffer'd and had donn,
But that his Guilt must prosecute the Sonn?

M 2

118. O

118.

O noe, although *Third Henry* was the Man
In whome the lawfull Tytle was invested,
For (*Arthur Dead*) the Right was then in *John*,
And *John* deceas'd the same in *Henry* rested;
Yett that the World should see how *God* detested,
Such wrongfull means, Acts soe unjustly donn,
The Fathers Whipp is made to scourge the Sonn.

119.

For still did Civil Fury Wound the State,
During the time of *Henries* pupill Age,
And still the *Peeres* swolne with intestine Hate
Against their Harmles *Prince* being under Age,
Combyne themselves with *France*, and when that rage
Was spent, the *Barrous* Warr brake forth againe,
Soe full of Tumult was *Third Henries* Raigne.

120.

He dead, my Father *Longbanks* then did Raigne,
And in due Course succeeded next his *Syre*,
Then all Afflictions did begin to wayne,
And *England* did to Peace and Wealth aspire,
Nor did the streame of Blisse flowe ever higher
Then when first *Edward* managed the State,
Prudent in Peace, in Warrs most *Fortunate*.

121.

That Noble *Prince* my Breath to me did give,
Whom I succeeded in a rightfull Lyne,
You all have sworne Allegiance whilst I live,
And will you now Enforce me to Resigne?
Will you againe with sacred hand Untwine
That sacred Knott whereon depends our Good,
And drownd this *Island* once againe in Bloud?

122.

O if you doe disorder thus the *Crowne*,
And turne the lawful *Course* another way,
If you unjustly wring *me* from mine owne,
You Spinn a Thread to worck your owne decay;
And my *Prophetick Soule* doth truly say
The Time will come when this unjust *Designe*
Shall draw downe Wrath on this unhappy *Glymes*.

123.

And from my *Stock* two branches shall arise,
From whome shall grow such great *Disunion*,
As many Thousand Lives shall not suffice
To re-unite them both againe in one,
England shall wast more deare *Bloud* of her owne,
Against her selfe, then would suffice t'obtaine
A Compleat *Conquest* both of *France* and *Spaine*:

124.

But when that Men are bent to doe amisse,
Then all *Perfwasions* are but spent in vaine,
The *Parliament* was resolute in this,
That I their *King* no longer should remayne,
Whereto if I oppos'd my selfe 'twas vayne;
They were resolv'd, and my *Perversnes* might
Make them perhaps to doe my *Sonn* lesse right:

125.

Which when I heard think how my *Soule* did Warr
Within it selfe which way I should incline,
Deare was my *Sonn*, my *Selfe* was dearer farr,
Must mine *Eclipse* (thought I) procure his *shine*?
Cannot he *Raigne* unles I now resigne?
My *Father* dy'd ere I could gett the *Crowne*,
I Live, and loe my *Sonn* must putt me downe.

M 3

My

126.

My Sonne (alas poore Prince) it is not hee,
 (But many Wolves masqu'd in the Lambs attire,) *Proud Mortymer*, 'tis thou Uncrownest mee,
 (*Luxurious Queene*) this is thy foule desire
 And *moody Tarlton* (bellowes of this fyre)
 'Tis you that are the Marrowe of the Sinne,
 My Sonne doth serve but for the outward Skinne.

127.

You are the *Wheeles* that makes this *Clack* to Strike
 My *Fatall Homer*, (the last of all my Good,)
 For this is not the height of your dislike,
Death is the Fruite when *Treason* is the Budd,
 Such *Practises* doe allwaies end in Bloud ;
 When others Stumble, Kings fall headlong downe,
 There is noe *Meane* betwixt a *Grave* and *Crowne*.

128.

For this is certaine, Sinn doth alwaies find
 Within it selfe sufficient cause of feare,
 'Tis Dangerous to trust a Guilty Mind,
 The *Creditor* remov'd the Debts thought cleare,
 Men hate whome they have wrong'd, and hating Feare,
 And Fearing will not cease, till they have prov'd
 All meanes by which the Cause may be remov'd.

129.

Therefore would I might leade a *Private Life*
 In some *Sequestred Place* which none might see,
 Where I might see to reconcile the strife,
 That Sinn hath made betwixt my God and mee ;
 Or if the Ransome of my *Crowne* might free
 My Life from Slaughter, little would I grieve,
 For none soe wretched but desires to Live.

130. And

130.

And yett why should I loose or Life or Crowne ?
 Are Lives or Crownes such easy Losses ?
 'Tis vaine to aske when *Fortune* list to frowne,
 Or to enquire the *Causes* of our *Crosses*,
 When *Shippes* at Sea, Stormes, Winds and Billowes
 It boots not aske why Winds and Stormes should rise,
 For Powerfull Heaven respects not *Human Why's*.

131.

The *Statelie Steed* that champs the sleekly Bitt,
 And proudly seems to menace Friend and Foe,
 Doth Fling and Foame, and bounderth oft, and yett
 (Poore Beast) perforce he is inforced to goe :
 Even foe far'd I, and since it must be foe,
 As good the same should seeme to come from mee,
 'Twas best to *Will what gainst my Will would bee*.

132.

And foe I made a *Solemne Resignation*
 Of all my *Right* and *Title* to my *Sonn*,
 And therewithall an earnest Protestation,
 Which was with Sighes and Weeping Teares begun ;
 How much I Griev'd that I had foe Misdonn,
 As to procure my *Peers* and *Peoples* Hate,
 And foe be thought unworthy of the State.

133.

Which since I was I willingly would give
 Unto my Sonne my Seate of Majesty,
 Desiring them to give me leave to Live,
 And not too much to tread on Misery,
 For I had once their Faith and Fealty,
 Which though I now discharg'd and sett them free,
 (Though not obey) yet should they pity mee.

134. The

134.

The *Crowne* had often made my Head to ake,
 And I praid God my Sonne felt not the same;
 Whome they should not lesse value for my sake,
 Since by his Vertue he might salve my Shame;
 And well I hope my Precedent would tame
 All Youthfull Humours which are easily ledd
 Unto those Courfes which confusion bredd.

135.

And here though Griefe my Senses did overwhelm,
 And I seem'd Dead, yett that noe Barr might bee,
 Sir *Thomas Trussill* Knight of all the *Realme*
 Did then renounce Obedience unto mee,
 And of all Faith and Service sett them Free;
 My *Steward* brake his Staffe, my State before,
 Was now discharg'd, and I was King noe more.

136.

Marke what Pretences *Wrong* can make of *Right*,
 How loth Men seeme gainst Justice to offend?
 (O sacred *Vertue*) thou art full of might,
 When even thy *Foes*, thy *Tytle* will pretend;
 As if thy onely *Shaddowe* could amend
 All wrongfull Acts, but now 'tis growne an Use,
 Thou must be made a *Cloke* to hide Abuse.

137.

But when I thus had parted with my *Crowne*,
 I did bewayle the wayneinge of my State,
Poore Prince (said I) how low art thou cast downe
 From that high Heaven which thou enjoydst of late?
 Thou hast noe prospect but an Iron Grate,
 The costly Hangings Ragged Walls of Stone,
 And all thy Sollace Solitary Moane.

138: Now

138.

Now of a *Cushian* thou maist make a *Crowne*,
 And play the *Mask-King* with it on thy Head,
 And on the Earth (thy *Chaire* of State) sit downe;
 And why not soe, since thou art Earthly Breed?
 But for a *Scepter* how wilt thou be speed?
 Why take a *Brand* and shake it in thy Hand,
 And now thou art a *King* of great Command.

139.

All-guiding Heaven, what Change doe I indure!
 Once *Wealth* at *Will*, but *Wealthy* now in *Want*:
 Then Men my Pleasure, now my Grief procure;
 Then Change of Houses, now one Chamber scant;
 Then Thoughts of Rest, now Restless Thought doth
 The sad remembrance of my wretched Fate, (plant
 What now I am, and what I was of late.

140.

Methinks the *Birds* upbraid me in their Songs,
 And only sing my Shame in everie Place;
 Methinks the *Waters* murmur forth my Wrong,
 And in their *Course* discourse of my Disgrace;
 Methinks the Sunne doth blush to see my Face;
 The whistling Winds methinks doe witness this,
 No Griefe soe great as to have liv'd in Blisse.

141.

When I complain to *Echo*, but heed a King,
 The Sound's a *King*, and yett no *King* am I:
 In silent Night when I my Rest am taking,
 I dream on Kings, yett I unking'd do lye,
 And still sweet Sleepe seales up my weary Eye;
 I cannot fix my Thoughts on any thing
 But tells me straight that once I was a King.

142. That

142.

That once I was (ay me) that now I am not,
 And now I am not, would I had been never,
 Least feels he Want that yett to Plenty came not,
 To have been happy is unhappy ever,
 But to forgett my selfe I will endeavour,
 And only this poor plain Song will I sing,
I was not borne, nor shall I dye a King.

143.

In such Complaints I spent my weary Time,
 My *Cozen Leister* well respecting mee,
 Which to my Foes did seeme a hainous Cryme,
 Who after *Consultation* did agree
 Some more obdurate should my Keepers be;
 Then *Gurney* and *Maltravers* chosen were
 To rid me of my Life, them of their Feare.

144.

They that have Eares to heare of my Extreames,
 And feeling Hearts to comprehend my Woes,
 And yett have Eyes as drye as Sunny Beames,
 Whence noe moist Teares (poor Pities Tribute) flowes,
 Within such Minds whole *Mynes* of *Marble* growes,
Flint-hearted Men that pittie not my Moane,
 Some *Gorgon's Head* hath turn'd your Hearts to Stone.

145.

And what have I to doe with Stony Hearts?
 With Men of Marble what have I to doe?
 I take noe Pleasure in *Pigmalion's* Arts,
 I could not worck one Stone or Marble, Woe,
 He lov'd his Stony Maid and joy'd her too:
 She was transform'd at his incessant Moane,
 Soe were my Foes but chang'd from Men to Stone.

146. And

146.

And would to God I had bene chang'd like them,
Then without Sence I should have borne my Paine,
And Senseles haples are halfe happy Men,
Who feeles noGriefe what needs he much complain?
But I was toucht, being struck in everie Vein,
That my Dispayers to their Desires might bring
The fatall Period whence their Feares did spring.

147.

And first they hurried *me* from Place to Place,
That none might have Intelligence of mee,
They cloathed me with *Garments vile and base*,
Unlike *my selfe*, that I unknowne might bee,
And lest I should the cherefull Daylight see
I still remov'd when *Sol* his Course had runn,
My *Day was Night*, and *Mooneshine* was my *Sunn*.

148.

I did lament that Woes towards might yeeld,
And said (*Faire Cinthia*) with whose brightsome shine
This fable night doth beare a Silver sheild,
Yet thou art Gracious to theise Greifes of myne,
That with thy Light doth clere my drooping Eyne;
Thou *borrowest Light* to lend the same to mee,
I *Lightned* those that myne *Eclipsers* bee.

149.

The *Glorious Sonne* (thy Brother) lends thee Light,
My *Sonne* makes me obscure unlike to thee,
Endymions Love thou didst with Love requite
My Love distresseth and disdayneth mee,
Yett both too like in often chainging bee;
O noe, for thou being wayn'd dost wax againe,
But still her Love contynewes in the wayne.

150. Some

150.

Some doe ascribe the *Oceans* Ebbs and Flowes,
 Unto thy Influence working in the same;
 I wott not that, but this poore *Edward* knowes,
 Men ebbe and flowe as Fortune list to frame,
 Whose Smiles or Frownes do make or marr our Game;
 Then sure we all must stoope unto her Lure,
 When she is false, how can our States be sure?

151.

But cease (*Faire Phoebe*) cease your beauteous Shire,
 Spend not thy *Rays* on such a Wretch as I,
 Gainst whom the very *Heavens* themselves repine,
 Whose Presence all good beading *Starrs* doe fly,
 Thou give me leave that I obscure may dy,
 And suffer me unseene, unfought to goe,
 Some Ease it is not to be knowne in Woe.

152.

And that the *humide Vapours* of the Night
 Might be of force to make weake Nature faile,
 They made me ride cold and bare-headed quite,
 To whom both *Hatts* and *Heads* were wont to vaile,
 Whilst I with prosperous Wind at Will did faile;
 But now I was reproacht with hatefull *Crymes*,
 O *Tymes*! O *Men*! O *Change of Men and Tymes*!

153.

Thinke not that I was *Marble*, not to have
 A Sense of Ill after a feeling Fashion,
 Which made me sometimes for to fret and rave,
 Sometimes to weep and humbly begg Compassion,
 As I was swaid by variable Passion,
 Remembring what I was, some *Stormes* did passe
 And straight a *Calme* remembring what I was.

154. *Traitors*

154.

Traytors (quoth I) why doe you use me thus?
 Know you not *me*, forgett you *who I am*?
 Was not great *Longshanks* Father unto us,
 I Kingly *Edward Second* of that Name?
 Why kneele you not? oft have you done the same.
 Why should you not? since you were sworn to do it,
 And by our Birthright wee are Borne unto it.

155.

From forth the Loynes of many *Kings* came I,
 This Head hath bene Impalled with a *Crowne*,
 And will you now a simple *Hatt* deny?
 I'll be Revenged; *They* doe not feare my frowne,
 Too well, too well, they know my *Sonn* is downe,
 My *Day* is done, now doth my *Night* beginn,
 And *Owles* not *Eagles* use to fly therein.

156.

I have bene *Grac't*, let me be *Gratious* now;
 I have *Commanded*, let me now *Request*;
 Your sometimes *King* hath humble *Knees* to bow,
 And *Weeping Eyes* to crave some little Rest,
 Man's *Heart* of *Fleshe*, he hath no *Flinty Brest*.
Fliny reports, one had a *Hairy Heart*;
 But you are *Stones*, els would you rue my *Smart*.

157.

And that I might be wretched everie *Way*,
 That everie *Sence* might have his proper *Paine*,
 The Byrd to whom *Prometheus* was a *Prey*,
 The waking *Serpent* that doth Rest refraine,
 (*Hunger* I meane) did gnaw on me amayne;
Hunger (fell *Hunger*) forc'd me for to *Eate*
 Such *Foode* as never Nature made to *Eate*.

N

I

158.

I that *Lucullus*-like was serv'd at will,
 With whatsoever *Sea* or *Land* affords,
 Would now be glad of *Roots* to feed my fill,
 (Such *Want* doth often followe *Wastfull Boords*)
 Better the *Frugall* feed on *Roots* and *Guords*,
 That keepes the *Soule* and *Body* both in *Health*,
 And *God* doth *Blesse* with great *Increase* of *Wealth*.

159.

Camelions feed upon the piercing *Ayre*,
 I wisht that *Nature* had but made me such,
 The *Salamander* doth its strength repaire
 Amidst the *Fire* when it the *Flame* doth touch,
 Against whose *Happy State* I did not grutch;
 But onely wisht my selfe to have such meanes,
 For *Hunger* is th' *Extreamest* of *Extreames*.

160.

I thought sometimes to eate my very *Fleshe*,
 My brawnes *Armes* would doe some little good,
 But still my *Stomach* loath'd soe vile a *Messe*,
 And would not serve me to digest my *Bloud*;
 My *Teeth* should rather rare the *Stones* for *Food*,
 I'de soften them with *Teares* and senseles *Moanes*,
 But *Stones* were *hard*, and *Men* more *hard* then *Stones*.

161.

And for to make my selfe to frett to *Death*,
 They crost and thwarted me in everie thing,
 Sweete *Sugar'd Words* like to the *Panthers* *Breath*,
 You pleasing *Tongues*, whose *Ghymes* do sweetly ring
 Where are you now? why sooth you not your *King*?
 Yea soe you win, but that is not my *Case*,
 And *Flatterers* tune not the *Meane* or *Rase*.

162. H

162.

How is the *Deadly Venom* of fair *Tongues*?
 Whose *Nectar Tearmes* doe seeme more sweete then oyle,
 And all the Breath that commeth from their Lungs
 Is sweete in shew, but full of *Gall* and *Guile*;
 Beleeve me ther's more *Danger* in their *Smile*
 Then in their *Frowne*, for seene is soone detected,
 But they hurt most that are the least suspected.

163.

O why are *Princes* like to *Brasen Potts*!
 Which being Great are lifted by the Eares,
 Little see they their *Reaches* and their *Plotts*,
 Whose *Tongues* are tun'd to sooth them many *Yeare*s,
 Till turnes be serv'd, and then it straight appears
 That *Hony* gone, the *Combs* are soone rejected,
 And wanting *Meanes* the *Man* is lesse Respected.

164.

May it please your *Highness*, was my wonted *Stile*,
 Whose *Pleasure* now is valued lesse then mine?
 Did I looke Cloudy, who durst seeme to *Smile*?
 Or was I pleasant, who durst then *Repine*?
 Spake I? *Appolloes Words* were lesse then mine,
 What ere I did *Applause* grac'd everie thinge
 And this the *Cause*, because I was a *King*.

165.

But now the *Spring Time* of my *Blisse* is donn,
 These *Nightingalls* that did soe sweetly Sing,
 In this my *Winter* all are fled and gonnn,
 Nay turn'd to *Serpents* that both Hize and Sting,
 And this the *Cause*, because I am no *King*;
 A *King* and noe *King*, happ and mishapp doth bring,
 And none more *Haples* then a *King* noe *King*.

N 2

166. And

166.

And that my *Words* might Unrespected bee,
 And neither I nor they regarded ought;
 They gave it out my *Senses* failed mee,
 And I was *Madd* and haplesly distraught:
 'Tis true, I have bene *Madd*, and dearly bought
 My *Madnes*, I was *Madd* when I did blott
 My *Soule* with *Sinn*, when I my *God* forgott.

167.

But now my *Senses* are restor'd again,
 And I begin to see how *Madd* I was
 To putt my *Trust* in things that are soe vaine,
 To change my *Heavenly Gold* for *Earthly Glasse*,
 To doate on *Shaddowes*, letting *Substance* passe;
 And now my *God* hath purg'd that *Lunacy*
 With bitter *Potions* of *Calamity*.

168.

And soe this *Sicknes* is too Generall,
 The *World* doth labour of this *Madd Disease*,
 This *Frantick Humor* doth distract us all,
 Wee onely seeke the present *Sence* to please,
 And whilst wee live, soe wee may floate at ease,
 Wee quite forgett the *Place* where wee must Land,
 The *Throane of Judgement* where we all shall stand.

169.

Why should *Mankind* be soe extreemly *Madd*,
 As for the *short Fruition* of vaine *Pleasure*,
 (Which often is repented when 'tis had)
 To loose a *Soule* more worth then *Worlds* of *Treasure*?
 This is indeed a *Madnes* above measure;
 Thus once I *Rav'd* and therefore now I *Rue*,
 Thus *Rave* you now, and therefore soe shall you.

170. And

170.

And least my *Torments* should but seeme to cease,
 Or breath a while, they would not lett me rest,
 Of *quiett Sleep*, (the Harbinger of Peace
 The comon Inn both unto Men and Beast)
 My weary Eyes would never be possesst,
 My Head waxt *Light*, yet *Heavy* was my Heart;
 Two *Contraries*, one *Cause*, but noe Desert.

171.

I that once had soe many *Princely Bowers*,
 And in the same soe many *Bedds of State*,
 With sweete *Perfumes* and *beautious Peramours*;
 And *Melody*, (such as at *Plutoes Gate*
 Once *Orpheus* plaid) and all most delicate,
 To *charme the Senses*, and *bewitch the Soule*;
 Must not now *Sleepe* one Hour without *Controule*.

172.

O! *Justice*! what a *Tally* dost thou keepe
 Of all our Sinns, and how thou payst them right?
 Though *God* doth Wink yett doth he never Sleepe;
 The Eye of *Heaven* sees in the darkest Night,
 My sinful wast of Time, then thought but light,
 Was chalked up, and now he pays the Score
 With want of that, which I abus'd before.

173.

Fond Men (quoth I) you have in all bene cruell,
 But yett in this you are too much unwise,
 If to my *Torments* you will add more Fuell,
 You should permitt some Slumber to mine Eyes,
 That being wak'd fresh Sorrowes might arise:
 Nor can I last, my Strength with watching spent,
 For Bowes grow weake that never stand unbent.

N 3

174 Beside_s

174.

Besides contynuall thinking of my Woe
 Soe dulls my Senses that I feele it lesse;
 As Pathes grow plaine whereon we allwaies goe,
 Soe Hearts grow hard that never find redresse,
 And you will make me Senseles by access;
 I know you Hate me, show your Hates therefore;
 And lett me Slumber for to vex me more.

175.

And that my *Griefe* might worck in me the more;
 By apprehension of my present Fall,
 And sad Remembrance of my *State* before,
 They wreath a *Crowne* of *Hay*, and therewithall
 They *Crown'd* me and estsoons *King* did call,
 And said in scorne, *God save this jolly Kinge*, (bringe.
 O save me, God, whome *Devells* to Death would

176.

(Blood,

And thou (*mecke Lambe*) that with thy precious
 Didst make Attonement twixt my *God* and *me*,
 Which was more Sovereign for a Sinners good
 Then sweetest *Myrre* and purest *Balme* could bee,
 See how these wicked Men dishonor *thee*,
 The *Sponge*, the *Speare*, the *Crosse*, the *Crowne* of *Thorne*,
 Thy Ensignes are, and may not ells be borne.

177.

(Hay;

Thy Head was *Crown'd with Thornes*, mine but with
 Thou knowst noe *Sinn*, my *Sinn* the same exceeds;
 Well may I follow where thou ledst the way,
 And (O!) that I might follow thee indeed;
 Then of the Tree of Life my Soule shall Feed:
 My Soule that hath noe other Hope but this,
 Who would be *Thine*, thou allwaies wil be *His*.

178. Sweete

178.

Sweete Saviour Christ, these are the *Hopes* I have,
 Though they afflict me yett my Soule is thine;
 A *Tyrant* cannot reach beyond his Grave,
 These fiery Tryalls make me brighter Shine;
 Thou canst relieve me when thou seest the Tyme,
 Or I shall End or they at last will Cease;
 Thou wilt give *Patience*, till thou givst *Release*.

179.

And that I might even of my Selfe be hated,
 They *shave* off all my *Beard* in my disgrace,
 Their Instrument a *Rayzor* blunt rebated,
 And from a *filthy Dyche* nere to the Place
 They fetch'd cold muddy Water for my Face;
 To whome I said that even in their despight,
 I would have *warme*, my *Tears* should doe that right.

180.

(Eyes,

Theise drops of Brine that poure downe from mine
 Mine Eyes cast to *Heavens glorious* Frame, (scryes,
 That Frame from whence God all Earthly deeds de-
 That God that guerdens Sinne with Death and Shame,
 Shall *Wittnes* (yea and will Revenge the same)
 That you have bene most cræll to your *King*, (bring.
 Whose *Death* his *Doom*, his *Doom* your *Deaths* will

181.

Unmanly Men, remember what *I was*,
 And think withall what you your Selves *may be*,
 I was a *King*, a powerful *King* I was,
 You see my *Fall* and can your Selves be free?
 But you have *Friends*, why you wer *Friends* to mee,
 And yett you see how much your *Love* is chang'd,
 So others *Love* may be from you *estrang'd*.

182. But

174.

Besides contynuall thinking of my Woe
 Soe dulles my Senses that I feele it lesse;
 As Pathes grow plaine whereon we allwaies goe,
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 And from a filthy *Dysch* nere to the Place
 They fetch'd cold muddy Water for my Face;
 To whome I said that even in their despight,
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 And yett you see how much your *Love* is chang'd,
 So others *Love* may be from you estrang'd.

181. But

182.

But you are *Young* and full of able Strength,
And am not I? what bootes my Strength or Youth?
Both now seeme firme, but both shall faile at length,
Old Age Cold Age, and both sadd grieffe ensueth,
But you are *Wise*, the more should be your *Rush*
Of my *Estate*, whose wrack may teach you this,
That *balefull Chance*, may *Cloud* your greatest *Blisse*.

183.

You are not, noe you are not Beastes by Birth,
Nor yett am I made of a senseles Stone,
Wee all were *Fram'd* and all shall turne to *Earth*;
You should have feeling Souls, for I have one;
Then seeme at least Relenting to my Moane,
I *Pitty crave*, and craving lett me have it;
Because one Day, your Selves may need to crave it.

184.

But these *sadd Motives* could not worke at all
In their hard Steely Hearts the least remorse,
They rather added *Wormwood* to may *Gall*,
And exercise of Ill did make them worse;
Soe *violent Streames* doe hold their wanted *Course*,
And being *Eleht* in *Cruelty* before;
Use made the *Habite* perfect more and more.

185.

And least one *Torment* shou'd be left untryed,
They shutt me in a *Vault* and laid by me;
Dead *Carkases* of Men that lately dyed,
That their fowle Stinch my fatall Bane might be,
Those were the Objects that myne Eyes did see,
These Smells I felt, with these I did converse,
And unto these, these Plaints I did rehearse.

186. O

186.

O *Happy Soules* whose *Bodies* here I see,
For you have plaid your *Parts* and are at rest,
Yet some way haples you may seeme to bee
That with your *Bodies* I am thus distressed,
Perhaps you'd grieve if that you knew at least,
That by your means your King is thus Tormented,
Grieve not deare *Soules*, for I am well contented.

187.

'Tis not your *Bodies* senseles as they are,
That doe inflict these Torments on your King;
But the fierce *Agents* of proud *Mortimer*,
From them my Plagues proceed as from the Spring,
And (O great Heaven) lett them their Tributs bring
Back to the *Ocean* whence they first did flow,
And in their Passage still more greater grow.

188.

But what (*poor Soules*) have you deserv'd soe ill,
That being Dead you must want Buriall?
Nothing but this, I must my Fates fulfill,
And still be Plagu'd with Woes unnaturall:
My Wretchedness must still transcend in all,
The Living and the Dead must doe me spight,
And you, poore *Soules*, for me must want your right.

189.

But you are Happy, free from sense of Wrong,
Here lye your *Bodies* but your *Soules* are well,
Death doe not then forbear thy Stroke too long,
That with these Happy *Soules* my Soule may dwell,
And Soule be gladd to goe, here is thy Hell,
And even in this th'art Happy that 'tis here,
O better soe then it should be elsewhere.

190. What

190.

What seest thou now but objects of disgrace?
 What do'st thou heare but teares and scornes of spight?
 What do'st thou Touch that is not Vile and Base?
 What do'st thou Taste that may procure Delight?
 What do'st thou Smell but Stinck both Day and Night?
 Thy Sight, thy Hearing, Touching, Taste and Smell,
 All cry for Heaven, for here is now their Hell.

191.

This *Darksome Vault*, this House of *Acheron*,
 These *Wicked Men* like *Fiends* doe Torture mee,
 This *Myery Sinck* resembles *Phlegeton*,
 My *Acted Sinns* like fearful *Furies* bee,
 And he that would a whole *Infernall* see,
 Lett him observe these *Torments* I indure,
 And he shall finde *Hells lively Portrature*.

192.

The *Earth* it self is weary of my Paine,
 And like a *Gentle Mother* moves for mee,
 From me thou camst, returne to me againe,
 Within my Wombe I'll keepe thee safe (quoth she)
 And from these vile *Abusers* sett thee free;
 Never shall these fell *Tyrants* wrong thee more,
 He that payes Death dischargeth everie Skore.

193.

These Bodies that thou seest thy Brothers were,
 Subject to many Wants and thousand Woes,
 They now are *clear'd* from *Care* and freed from *Fears*
 And from the *Pressure* of insulting Foes,
 And now they live in *Peace* and sweete *Repose*;
 Thy selfe can Witnes that they feele noe Woe,
 And as they *Rest*, even thou shalt *Rest* thee soe.

194. Their

194.

Their *Eyes* that whilst they liv'd oft tyded Teares,
 Thou seest how sweetly they enjoy their Rest,
 These harsh unpleasant Sounds that deaf'd their *Eares*,
 Are turn'd to *Angells* Tunes among the Blest,
 Their Soules that were with pensive Thoughts possess'd,
 Now in their *Makers Bosome* without End
 Enjoy that *Peace*, whereto thy Soule doth bend.

195.

And thou had'st neede of Peace (*poore Wretched Soule*)
 If ever any Soule had neede of Peace,
 God being in *Armes* against thee doth inrowle
 All Nature in his *List*, which doth not cease
 To Fight against thee, and doe still increase
 Thy *Wretchedness*; forbear, *Rebellious Dust*,
 To Warr with *him* who is both *Great* and *Iust*.

196.

I would to God that I had dy'd e're this,
 Then had my *Sinns* bene fewer then they are,
 Then had my Soule long since repos'd in Blisse,
 Which now is wandring still in waies of *Care*;
Lifes Griefe exceeds *Lifes Good* without *Compare*,
 Each *Day* doth bring a fresh supply to Sorrow,
 Most wretched *Now*, yett shall be more to *Morrow*.

197.

My carefull Mother might have helped mee,
 When I lay *Sprawling* in her tender Wombe,
 If shee had made her burdened Belly bee
 My fruitles *Birthbedd*, and my fatall Tombe;
 Sure had shee knowne her *Sonn's* accursed doome,
 She never would have wrong'd her selfe soe much
 To beare a *Wretch*, save whome was never such.

198. My

198.

My tender Nurse is guilty of these Paines,
 She might have put some Poyson in my Papper;
 Or lett me fall, and soe dash out my Braines,
 When shee full oft did daunce me on her Lappe,
 A thousand waies had freed me from Mishappe;
 But he whome Heaven ordaines to live distressed,
 Death will delay to sett the Wretch at Rest.

199.

For Death is weary Pilgrims Rest and Joy,
 This World of Woes a hard and flinty way,
 Our Birth the Path that leads to our annoy,
 Our Friends are fellow passengers to Day,
 And gone to Morrow, Honor is a stay
 That either stopps, or leads us els amisse,
 Pleasures are Theeves, that intercept our Blisse.

200.

Yett whilst we travaile, Fortune like the Weather,
 Doth alter Faire and Fowle, soe doth our way,
 If Faire, then Frinds like Fellowes flock togeather;
 If Foule, each Man doth shift a severall way;
 Onely our Vertues, or our Vices stay
 And goe with us, whose endles Memory
 Doth make us Live or Dy Eternally:

201.

This is the Freight that Men cannot unload,
 Noe not by Death: therefore Mortality,
 Worck for thy selfe whilst here thou mak'st aboard,
 For on the present hath dependency
 Thy future endles Blisse or Misery;
 And Death's the Convoy to conduct us Home,
 Come Death to me that I to Rest may come.

202. Per

202.

Perhaps thou fear'st *me* being *Great* and *Highe*,
 (O *Death*) *Man* were a thinge intollerable
 Were he not mortall; but *even Kings* must Dy,
 Noe privilidge doth against *Death* inable,
 Both *Fatt* and *Leane* are *Dishes* for his *Table*;
 The difference this, the *Poore one* hath his *Grave*,
 The *Great one*, he his *Monument* must have.

203.

Our *Fates*, may be conceiv'd but not controul'd,
 Before our dated *Tyme* we cannot Dy,
 Our *Daies* are numbred and our *Minuts* told,
 Both *Death* and *Life* are destin'd from on highe;
 And when that *God* that *Rules* the *Imperiall Sky*
 Shall find it fitt, then thou shalt goe in *Peace*,
 Meane while with patience looke for thy releafe.

204.

Thus unto *Cave* I paid his due *Complaint*,
 And joyn'd with all my *Tributary Teares*,
 Such my laments, (for *Griefe* finds noe restraint,)
 As they at last came eaven unto their *Eares*
 That by the *Castle* dwelt, which caus'd such *Fear*.
 In their *Selſe-Guilty Soules* that used me foe,
 As they resolv'd my *Death* to end my *Woe*.

205.

To which effect came *Letters* from the *Court*,
 Written by *Tarlton* at the *Kings Commaund*,
 In such a *Cloud*, and ambiguous sort,
 That diverse waies one might them understand:
 By pointing them, that if they should be scand;
 He and his *Letters* might be free from blame,
 And they *Delinquents* that abus'd the same.

206. Which

206.

Which to effect, they first removed mee
 From forth the Vault where I before did ly,
 And made a *Shew* as if they mente to bee
Compassionated for my *Misery*,
 And would hereafter graunt Immunity
 From such unworthy Usage : (Soe wee see)
 The Sunne shines Hott before the Shower will be.

207.

But being overwatcht and wearyed too,
Nature was much desirous of some Rest,
 Which gave them opportunity to doe
 What they desired, for beinge with Sleepe opprest,
 They clapt a *Massy Table* on my Brest;
 And with great Weight. soe kept me downe withall
 That Breathe I could not, much lesse Cry or Call.

208.

And then into my *Fundament* they thrust
 A little *Horne* as I did groveling ly,
 And that my violept Death might shun mistrust,
 Through that same *Horne*, a *Redd-Hott Spitt*, whereby
 They made my Guts and Bowells for to fry ;
 And soe continued till at last they found
 That I was *Dead*, yett seem'd to have noe *Wound*.

209.

And here I pitch the *Pillars* of my Paine,
 Now (*Ne plus ultra*) shall my Poesy bee ;
 And Thou that hast describ'd my *Tragick Raigne*,
 Lett this at least give some content to Thee,
 That from disastrous *Fortune* none are free.
 Now take the worke out of the *Loome* againe ;
 And tell the World that all the World is *Vaine*.

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